



THEATRE MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1918



WAR has brought the nation face to face with certain tremendous facts. We are going through the ordeal by fire. Not only has the national character been stirred to its depths, but all the nation's industries have received greater stimulus. The weak spots have been strengthened, the defects laid bare.

The theatre like everything else must do its bit. The voice of frivolity must be silenced. The theatre must not be a moral slacker in these times of public anxiety and stress.

In our next issue, Percy MacKaye urges a national policy in the theatre—that the managers and playwrights get together to insure the production of only worthy and wholesome plays.

The Allies have the Supreme Council at Versailles. Why not the Supreme Council of the theatre?



VERY few of our actors know how to speak—that is, correctly. Often they are unintelligible.

Not so in European countries. There the stage serves as a model for correct speech and manners.

But in our country, too many of our actors don't know how to dress or act on the stage.

Charles Henry Meltzer deplors this condition, as should everyone else.

In the April issue, his article, "Bad Manners on the Stage," will bring our actors face to face with some of their most glaring faults.



DID you ever cast a play?

Foolish question, of course, because you've never had one produced. But did you know that finding proper interpreters for your characters is even more difficult than writing the play itself—and that everyone knows is a hard job.

Rupert Hughes, of "Excuse Me" fame,

is one of the most versatile of contemporary authors.

In the April issue, in a characteristic interview, he expresses certain conclusions he has arrived at as the result of more than a decade's persistent struggle with

A GREAT singer has once more been given to the world.

Not since the palmy days of Adelina Patti have such notes issued from a human throat.

Galli-Curci came, saw and conquered!

In an interview she accorded to the THEATRE MAGAZINE which will appear in the next issue, you will learn some intimate details about the new song-bird—her art, her personality and her career!



HARRY JAMES SMITH has written two Broadway successes—"A Tailor-Made Man" and "The Little Teacher," which is quite an accomplishment, you will admit.

Mr. Smith is not a Workshop 47 man—you know what that means, don't you? You don't—well, it's the Harvard School of Playwriting—and Mr. Smith is not one of its graduates.

Read his article in the April issue on "Playwriting After Harvard" in which he shows that the dramatist to be successful has to unlearn all that theory teaches him.



THE theatrical season is in full swing.

New productions are being presented—interesting, inane, frivolous, serious, and worth while.

If you wish to keep abreast of the theatrical times, just accompany Mr. Hornblow to the Play in each issue.



AND, of course, if you're a movie fan, don't fail to go with Mirilo to the Movies.



DON'T miss any of these splendid features. Even in these days of Hooverizing, the mind must be kept alert. Subscribe now. \$3.50 a year.

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the author's and producer's greatest problems.



EVERYONE laments "the good old days" of the drama. But not Harold Seton.

In an amusing skit, "Players—Past and Present," he retorts to the persistent claim that "the good old days" were any better than now.





From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

MARGARET ANGLIN AS ELECTRA

In the great scene apostrophizing the funeral urn containing the supposed ashes of her brother, Orestes



THEATRE MAGAZINE

LET THE PLAYWRIGHT DO HIS BIT

By ARTHUR HORNBLow



I OFTEN wonder, when at the theatre, why the play does not afford me the same amount of pleasure that it appears to give the other spectators. My neighbors are tense with attention, they are ready to laugh almost before the line is spoken, they are thrilled or amused by dialogue, situations and "acting" which leave me absolutely cold.

I admit that the chief thing I seek in the theatre is the thrill. Why do I so seldom get it? I can't get a thrill watching Miss Laurette Taylor scrubbing floors in "Out There," nor does the acting of Miss Maude Adams in Barrie's airy trifles, charming lady though she be, furnish me with the substantial fare my dramatic appetite craves. Nor do our up-to-the-minute playwrights fill the bill. The pathological experiments in "The Knife," which made the audience gasp, left me unmoved. One sees too much of that sort of thing in the hospitals. The sordid pictures of underworld life in "The Man Who Came Back" were likewise no novelty. The movies have done that to death. Nor do I consider procreation and child-bearing, as discussed in "The Very Idea" and "The Madonna of the Future," fit subjects for the stage. Crook plays are positively childish—only a slight advance on our Nick Carter days. As to the near-nude female who takes up so much room on the boards these days—her proper place is home or the Turkish bath, not in the glare of the spotlight, the focus of a thousand lascivious eyes. I, for one, refuse to approve or encourage the degradation of a sex to which my mother belonged. In a word, I don't like the nastiness of the sensational newspaper press transplanted to the stage in the guise of delectable entertainment. As a grown person still in possession of all my faculties, I demand more than pap fit only for babes.



WHAT I ask in the theatre is the appeal to my deeper emotions, my better self, something in the nature of a spiritual uplift, something that will take me out of my everyday, humdrum existence, fire my imagination, stimulate my mental faculties and make me ponder. Certainly none of the pieces of our up-to-the-minute dramatists succeed in doing that.

Don't accuse me of being a high-brow. I deny the slanderous insinuation. I know little Latin and less Greek. I also wear my hair short. I claim to be an ordinary, average human being, who, if he consents to be enticed from his coal-less fireside on a winter's night to go to the theatre, is justified in expecting to see something worth while.

How often do we get anything worth while? Isn't it true that most of the plays written to-day are the merest piffle, flimsy dramatic carpentry, with shallow, artificial situations, suggestive dialogue, unredeemed by a single original or virile thought? These pieces are, for the most part, the cheapest claptrap, hastily thrown together by industrious wights intent only on catching the nimble dollar. They are not the matured work

of big minds, of men who burn the midnight oil penning a message to humanity. Can great plays be rattled off on a typewriter while the manager's messenger waits at the door, snatching one page at a time? Hardly. Yet if the theatre has any *raison d'être*, if it deserves to live and prosper, it cannot be regarded only as a place of amusement for the idle and the thoughtless. It must do its share in trying to solve the problems of to-morrow by improving, not degrading, the taste of to-day. Now more than at any other time, when the whole world lies agonizing, the dramatist has tremendous responsibilities. By putting spiritual quality into his plays, he can encourage the despondent, give cheer to those who have almost lost hope, whereas now with his inept, frivolous, salacious pieces, he is leading the way to degradation and despair.



YET there are oases in the desert of the commonplace, the tawdry and the frivolous. The charm of Housman's delightful fantasy, "Prunella," has not yet faded from memory. The recollection of Louis Parker's "Rosemary" is still fragrant in the nostrils. Galsworthy's vivid pictures of London bohemia in "The Pigeon" and that stirring, powerful denunciation of the English prison system, "Justice," by the same author, satisfied my lust for the theatre at its best. Moffett's charming Scotch comedy, "Bunt Pulls the Strings," gave added joy to life; and Pinero's drama, "The Thunderbolt," likewise held me. "Pierrot the Prodigal" was still another gem in the theatrical diadem.

While it is only a coincidence that all these plays are by foreign authors, it smacks of sacrilege to find them in the same theatres as such stuff as "Within the Law," "Turn to the Right," "On Trial," "Tiger Rose," and similar products of our home-raised dramatists? Yet I have in mind one American play which for sheer beauty and dramatic interest towers above all these English pieces. I refer to George Henry Boker's "Francesca Da Rimini," the finest play of the poetical classical style produced by an American. Is there anything in the whole range of drama more beautiful than that scene where Paolo woos Francesca in the sunlit rose garden, or scene more tense than that where the wronged Malatesta suddenly returns and confronts his brother? Why is this fine American play never revived so that the new generation of theatre-goers may learn that American playwrights can write things which are worth while?



FOR my own part I confess a sneaking fondness for something I seldom get—Shakespeare. I love the pomp and circumstance of the mighty plays, I love the wisdom, the philosophy, the majesty and beauty of the lines. Strange that the greatest of all dramatists, living or dead, the only one who never fails to satisfy both eye and ear, the one who costs the mana-

ger nothing in royalties—is entirely neglected! This season there has not been a single Shakespearean production, if we except the special matinées given by Miss Edith Wynne Matthison.

Why are we never given Shakespeare? Why haven't we seen a revival of "Francesca Da Rimini" in twenty years? Because, to our humiliation, we have no players capable of interpreting the poetic drama. That is the plain truth. All the actors able to play the heroic rôles are dead; acting itself is rapidly becoming a lost art.

We have excellent actors of the second rank. Louis Calvert, for example is so fine an actor that he gives the impression that he is not acting at all. Lyn Harding is another admirable player I'd like to see more often. His Henry VIII. was a remarkable bit of character-acting and in its attention to detail stood out like a cameo portrait, quite eclipsing the Wolsey of Beerbohm Tree. And Russ Whytal! Has any sweeter character been seen on any stage than that of the old judge in "The Witching Hour."

For that more artificial school of acting represented by Leo Ditrichstein, George Arliss, Arnold Daly, I care less. They entertain the crowd, but they overact. They allow the audience to see the mummer under his "make-up." They have all the faults of Mansfield without his genius. Warfield, an actor of great promise at the beginning of his career, is too much in one key. Prosperity seems to have arrested his artistic growth.



AND our actresses! To my mind, many of our stage favorites are not actresses at all, but merely attractive, amiable young women whose pleasing personalities, seen in innocuous, childish plays, have caught the public fancy.

Has our stage to-day a Mrs. Siddons, that actress of whom a contemporary wrote: "On her second appearance as the heroine of Southey's 'Isabella,' her beautiful face and form, the exquisite tones of her voice, her deep tenderness seized upon every heart and her overwhelming agony thrilled every soul as it had never been thrilled before. Men wept, women fell into hysterics, transports of applause shook the house, the excitement and enthusiasm were almost terrible in their intensity and the curtain fell amid such acclamations as perhaps even Garrick never roused." Can you imagine this being written of any one of our present day actresses? To-day men don't weep in the theatre. They chortle. Your modern woman only goes into hysterics when she loses her maid or has to wear last season's hat.

Mrs. Fiske ranks as the leading actress on the American stage, yet her personality suits only a certain type of play. Her art is extremely limited. Shakespeare is wholly beyond her because of her faulty diction if for no other reason. I find her cold and unsympathetic. Can you imagine her depicting mother love? Yet without mother love there is no life, and without life what becomes of the stage?

IS THE STAGE CORRUPTING NEW YORK?

An exposé of some deplorable features of theatricals to-day

By WILLIAM A. HOLDEN



WHILE the morality of the war camps is being discussed in a most open manner, it might be well to look into the morality of the theatre.

A wave of indecency has recently swept the New York stage. A perverted idea of life, a sort of commercialized vice propaganda, is being carried on in the open, with the unblushing connivance of certain theatrical producing firms. The morals of the younger generation are being endangered by unclean plays that twist right and wrong in queer directions, and try to cover vice with a honeyed coating of soft words.

From its earliest history the stage has had to suffer from the ill repute undeservedly given it by the ignorant and the bigoted. Those who love the drama at its best have tried to fight this absurd prejudice, and by the production of good plays had almost succeeded in giving the theatre a high place among our worthiest social institutions. But now comes the greedy manager who, solely to fill his pockets with ill-gotten shekels, undoes all that has been done, and prostitutes the stage for love of the dollar.

Bare legs, insinuating lines, suggestive scenes are being nightly presented in our best theatres to young and old alike. Innocent sounding titles lure unsuspecting women and children to see plays that are frankly indecent and grossly immoral.

Of course, there are clean plays on the boards and we still have managers with scruples, thank Heaven! The truth is the most successful box office attractions to-day are for the most part productions that have a healthy atmosphere about them.



BUT some producers do not hesitate to present pieces that would bring scarlet to the rouged cheeks of a harlot. If they set a limit at all, it is only from fear of the police; and the police these days are not over-critical. Barroom talk and dressing-room scandal are unhesitatingly handed out to the public over the footlights. The ear of the theatregoer, no matter of what tender age is polluted by a volley of degenerate, suggestive lines. The crudest vulgarity has taken the place of refinement.

The worst of it all is that the public is coming to take all the indecency quite as a matter of course. You, yourself, have laughed at these semi-nude women, these exhibitions of *lingerie intime*, the indelicate, coarsely suggestive lines, not realizing the insidious danger of such spectacles—how they undermine the morals of your sons and daughters.

Tired of being respectable, Mr. Manager says he'll give the public what it wants, impudently setting himself up as a competent judge of what the public wants.

"I am not in business for my health," cries the manager. Neither is he in business to corrupt his neighbors.

Not long ago a theatre manager, well known throughout the United States, came out with a statement in the public press to the effect that the public is tired of clean plays and refined musical comedies. He announced that he was through with producing goody-goody things.

He said that the public wanted something spicy and salacious, few clothes on the women, jokes that would cause a small riot if repeated in refined company and scenes that pictured high life at its summit. Then he produced such a play and advertised it as one of the most racy things New York had ever seen, as if taking a certain pride in catering only to the depraved.

There is always a letting up of conventions and a letting down of public morals during war time. Some theatrical managers are taking advantage of this. They are tempting men, women and children with the most immoral, corrupting spectacles that can be imagined. Who knows how far they will dare go? Who is there that can stop them?



AS everyone knows, there is a certain part of the public that enjoys being corrupted. But even this part usually leaves its wives and daughters at home while it goes out to get its fill of suggestiveness. Sometimes, however, the wives and daughters, by chance, go to the same objectionable performances. It is only reasonable to suppose that the average individual goes to the theatre now and then without inquiring too deeply into the character of the performance beforehand.

The situation is getting so bad that it is necessary to attend a performance to ascertain its fitness, before inviting anyone about whom you are particular.

A friend asks you for advice about the current plays.

"What is good?" he queries.

If you are diplomatic you must answer:

"Well, that depends upon whom you are taking. If it is for your family or your wife's mother or your daughter's girl friends or any one about whose morals you are particular, it is a rather difficult job. But if it is one of your old pals, in from Saginaw, Michigan, to see the sights, or one of your best customers from Houston, Texas, who must be entertained, dined, wine and filled with all of the most spicy jokes of the season—well you can go most anywhere. Just look at the pictures outside the theatres and you'll see enough."



SO far as the costumes in most of the season's musical comedies are concerned little is left to be desired in the way of display of underclothing. In fact, one might almost suspect that the "For Men Only" burlesque had been superseded by a "For Women Only" fashion show, to which the general public had by mistake been admitted. If there is anything in the way of *lingerie* that cannot be seen on Broadway in the theatres these days it is because the costumers have not had time to inspect all of the latest styles.

A good many plays that are not downright immoral, have a way of suggesting to the audience that something wrong is about to happen. The idea is, that it is all right to give the audience a scene that seems improper if in the end it turns out to be an innocent but bewildering situation. The playmakers go just as far as

they dare. As long as they are sure that the police will not interfere, they are satisfied.

A well-known playwright was asked recently as to how his latest drama was progressing.

"It'll be a scream, if the police don't pinch it," was his answer.

There seems to be a tendency in the theatre to make light of marriage. Eugenics and all sorts of delicate subjects are put under the glare of the footlights with vulgar insinuations.

About Christmas time there appeared at the Republic Theatre a farce called, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." As its name suggests, it was not meant for boarding-school misses, or any brand of refined clientele. It got its title from the same source as "Twin Beds."

Just by way of attracting the "refined" element in New York's mass of theatregoers, advertising bills were distributed in other theatres and elsewhere suggesting that "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was about as improper as the law would allow. There were pictures of men and women half-dressed, and the title on the cover read, "Walk right into 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath' and See the Girl in the Turkish Trousers." At the end came the startling news: "Every room has a purpose in 'Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.'"

Here are a few of the statements which appeared within the circular:

She thought he was a veritable Don Juan, a Byron, a Lothario of Lotharios.

She loved him because she thought other women loved him.

She was proud of his amours.

She wept with happiness over his love letters from other women.

But he—



THE poor fellow feared the swish of a skirt as much as he did the sound of a rattlesnake.

The sight of a pretty ankle filled him with terror.

The thought of a kiss made him gurgle like a new-born babe.

Then he found himself in a private suite in a comfortable wayside inn with another man's wife.

Another woman in beautifully fitting Turkish trousers appeared and commenced to show him how to make love.

The bellboy saw him kissing a third.

The wife's husband was after him. His own wife was after him. His best friend was after him.

What happened then?

Walk right into "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

This is a good example of what some theatrical managers are passing out to the public. It is a well-known fact that as soon as it becomes known that a play is objectionable a certain class of patrons will immediately flock to see it. But this class is limited, and it is by no means a sign of lasting popularity. But still some managers try to capitalize crime. Whatever appeals to the passions is considered salable.

As in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a man was pictured being shown how to hasten up his life a little, in "Lombardi, Ltd." a girl was shown trying her hardest to "go to the devil" and get a limousine.

She fails to accomplish her purpose, somehow,



Photos White

IRVING FISHER AND NORA BAYES IN "THE COHAN REVUE 1918" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM



MINNA GOMBEL AND CLAY CLEMENT IN "THE INDESTRUCTIBLE WIFE" AT THE HUDSON



Emily Stevens

Frances Underwood



Miss Stevens

Jerome Patrick

Teresa Maxwell-Conover



Miss Stevens

Mr. Patrick

"THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE," A SATIRE ON EUGENICS, BY ALAN DALE

VARIETY IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

but the audience is kept in suspense for a good part of the drama. This sort of thing has the flavor of a French farce, and just because French farces have been known to be risqué, full of jibes at moral persons and the conventions of life, the French character has been more or less misinterpreted in this country.

Aside from the risqué farce New York has been getting an undue amount of nakedness on the stage this season. Chorus girls nowadays must be ready to display at least three-fourths of their anatomy without a blush. "Chu Chin Chow," at the Century Theatre, and "Doing Our Bit," Miss Justine Johnstone's review, which was on the roof of the 44th Street Theatre, are good examples.

The irregularities of the stage to-day are not

so surprising in the light of the fact that many a musical comedy is financed through capital raised by chorus girls.

If a girl of the chorus has a "rich friend" and wants to get a principal rôle in a new production, all that is necessary is to get him to put up enough money to back her, and she will have little difficulty in getting a producer to put her out. There are producers who use this method for many of their offerings, which accounts not only for the low moral tone, but for low artistic standard of their dramatic productions.

So far have things gone in their sensual appeal that many complaints have been filed with District Attorney Swann. He has said that he would ask the Grand Jury to investigate cer-

tain productions as a preliminary move to a systematic fight on commercialized vice. Speaking of the situation, he said recently:

"A good many so-called artistic entertainments in which the costumes are small and the lines spicy, should be investigated. It is for dollars and not for the sake of art that they have been put before the public.

"A play which I saw and some others which I have had described to me, resemble the performance of Nero's daughter. You may recall that when the Senators of Rome passed a law requiring more clothes for actresses, the daughter of Nero obeyed the law by adding only a ribbon to her scanty dress. Soldiers flocked from the camps to these shameful entertainments, and you remember, Rome fell."

THE THEATRE OF A THOUSAND MYSTERIES



LIFE is becoming too prosaic, according to the American Society of Magicians, which has six hundred expert mystifiers among its members. They have decided to show New York that everything is not as real as it looks, also that if anything does happen to look unreal, it is actually real. They think that the public is too sophisticated. It should be shown a few new tricks.



HARRY HOUDINI
The King of Mystifiers

So Harry Houdini, often called the "king of mystifiers" who, at present is appearing at the Hippodrome where he does a disappearing act with an elephant as handily as if he were maneuvering with a grain of sand, has decided to open a theatre of magic, as a sort of permanent national institution for the development and exhibition of all that is magical and mysterious.



A SMALL theatre seating three hundred persons has been selected for the new entertainment venture. It will be entirely remodeled to look like an Egyptian temple with massive pillars, reproductions of the Sphinx and ancient Egyptian bas-relief stone work. In its characteristics it will resemble the famous home of mystery in London, "Egyptian Hall," so long operated by Maskelyne and Cook. It will be called the Temple of Mysteries and Mr. Houdini will be known as the High Priest. Associated with him will be Arnold De Biere, known as "the French illusionist."

When a patron approaches the door before a performance it will open as if by magic by some unseen force. He will go to the box-office, but he will find no box-office man. A strange voice from within will say, "Tickets one dollar and two dollars." And when he gives his preference, a mysterious Oriental hand will pass out a round check bearing a seat number. To get inside it will be necessary to de-

posit the check in a slot. Immediately the door of admittance will open noiselessly and in some mysterious way the seat bearing the number will be opened by some invisible force.

When the patron enters no ushers will confront him to show him his place. Instead he will hear voices coming apparently from nowhere. One will say: "Two-dollar seats on the right and one-dollar seats on the left." Another will say, "This way for even numbers."

These voices will come from talking machines which will be set in motion by the weight of the patron as he steps upon certain spots on the floor. The directions will follow him if he keeps on in the manner designated by the first voice. Clear to his seat will the enlightening voices lead him.



WHEN he reaches his place, if it does not suit him he can get in communication with the box-office without difficulty. On the back of the seat in front of him will be a wireless transmitter which will connect him with the box-office.

If the man back of him smells of garlic, if the woman on his left is so fat that she takes up most of his room as well as her own, if the children on the right talk too much, if a woman three seats to the left tries to flirt with him, or if he has slipped out of his office to enjoy a little stolen time and discovers his boss sitting close, he can have his seat changed.

All through the performance invisible chimes will play enchanting music. Melodies will be wafted back and forth at each other now with humorous effect and now with an uncanny, weird sound.

It is the intention of Mr. Houdini to present a three-hour performance tracing the history of the black arts from their earliest beginnings. This will give to the Temple of Mysteries an archaeological value not to be found elsewhere. Pre-Christian tricks will be demonstrated as well as the latest up-to-date disappearing acts. A part of each programme will be devoted to the work of ancient magicians. The art of the Egyptians will appear together with latest American tricks.

The mysteries expounded by the ancient high priests of India will be shown and the development of magic in modern India will not be neg-

lected. Foreign tricks of all sorts will be featured. Many of them are at present entirely unknown here. One act is to be devoted to automatons. Mr. Houdini has an elaborate collection of them.

These little mechanical figures will hold the center of the stage for fifteen minutes. In Mr. Houdini's collection can be found a vaulting figure made for Signor Pinetti, a trapeze performer which belonged to the great Robert Houdini and a rope-walker of Opre, a Dutch mechanic, who made many intricate automatons for European magicians of the past.

Among the other mysteries to be displayed are the blossoming orange tree of Fawkes, the mysterious moving scenery of Pinchbeck, the crystal casket used by Mr. Houdini, the vanishing chair and a dozen other things which have kept the public guessing for years.

The rope-climbing act described by Chaucer, in which a figure drops, first one leg, then the other, and so on until at last the head falls alone, after which all come together again, will be one of the old tricks.



AND to top the whole performance Mr. Houdini will offer a dozen brand new attractions. One of his most striking feats will be to have himself frozen into the center of a large cake of ice and then to come out of it unharmed and even unfrozen. Speaking of the venture, Mr. Houdini said a few days ago: "We will try out all of the new tricks we can lay our hands on. No invention can be too freakish for us. We want the latest things in science. With a theatre devoted exclusively to magic we can do many things that would be absolutely impossible in another place of amusement."

This is not the first theatre of magic to be established in New York but in recent years there has been no such venture. Robert Heller opened a Broadway house in 1876. Hermann also had one and Kellar had a similar institution in Philadelphia.

Interest in the magician's art has not waned. It is as old as the hills and as new as the latest gas bomb. The Temple of Mysteries ought to be mysterious enough to satisfy anyone who craves for puzzling mysteries.



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

ARNOLD DALY AS NAPOLEON

It was as Napoleon in Shaw's "A Man of Destiny" that Arnold Daly made one of his first hits. Since he persists in acting the Little Corporal, Mr. Daly perhaps believes in pushing his luck. A phase of dementia is to think oneself a big figure of history. That couldn't apply to Mr. Daly whose mind is as clear as his energy is undoubted, but it would not be surprising if he had his eye on becoming the Napoleon of the Drama. Well, Arnold, here's to you! May you have plenty of Jenas and Austerlitzs and never a Waterloo

WHY WRITE PLAYS?

America's most successful living humorist has written for the theatre, chiefly for vaudeville, but he has never seen his sketches on the stage. He has good reasons and tells you what they are. Being an interview with

IRVIN S. COBB



ONE of the chief reasons why I do not write plays, is a passionate belief, amounting to a conviction, a state of mind in which I have laboriously induced others to share, that I cannot. Consequently, I feel I can talk about playwriting without prejudice. And in the use of the term I have just employed, is embodied the experience and thought that leads to my judgment. I don't write plays because I can't, and because some few others of superior discernment agree with me. And I have several theories that militate against my undertaking playwriting.

"In the first place, many years of newspaper and magazine work have given me a certain habit of mind. I write a story, work over it, slave over it, make it the best I possibly can. Then it is finished. When I have made that story the best story I can write at the time, I am through with it. I cannot rewrite it, recast it, make it over time after time. I do not want to know anything more about it until I see it in type. Most men who are writing men, I suppose, feel that way about their work; although my long years of newspaper writing may have made me particularly set in that regard.



FURTHERMORE, I see my work, I do not hear it. It would be beyond the fact to take this statement too literally. Of course, I am familiar with Judge Priest's voice, his mannerisms, his appearance, his habits of mind. I see and hear him in a very personal way which I set down in my descriptions of him; but it is very intimate knowledge, like one's knowledge of one's own face. Every man, nearly, has a shock when he sees a photograph of himself; there is something familiar about that face, some elusive something, but William Jones' photograph is not Bill Jones. I cannot accomplish the feat of projecting Judge Priest so that if his reincarnation should unexpectedly enter this room, I would feel easy with him. Into literary creation goes something of the writer. His characters are better known, more intimately known, more clearly defined to him than are real people. And they are free from the occasionally unexpected disagreeable qualities that intimate acquaintances in the flesh sometimes display. They act pretty much as he directs them to act. Real people surprise us. The surprises in created fiction characters occur because the author wills them to occur. The author knows his characters. He directs them, and they are his slaves of the lamp, with a life of their own but one of which every detail is known to him.

"Finally, the story writer who has established himself knows when he writes a story whether he can sell it, pretty well where he can sell it, and approximately how much he can sell it for. All practical considerations—but practical considerations buy Liberty Bonds. As an occupation, that of playwrights does not appeal to me. The diligent and established writer can, for instance, gauge pretty accurately his earnings. The writer for the stage achieves a success; his income this year is very satisfactory. He lives accord-

ing to his means. Next year, he does not achieve a success, nor the following year. He has got into the habit of living according to a certain scale—and his income has vanished. It is too uncertain—like basing one's expenditures on a lottery chance. And once he has the fever, I am inclined to think the writer's habits are apt to be altogether unsettled by writing for the stage. He gets into another atmosphere, another custom of mind, another attitude towards life. He finds it difficult to readjust himself to his former habits when the play fails. He may have one fat year and three or four lean ones. And he has to live during the lean ones just the same as if not as well as during the fat ones. It's too much of a gamble for me, a life for hardier and sturdier souls than mine.



THE novelist, the short story writer, after he has won a footing, gets a certain following, has a regular clientèle. His third or fourth book may not be as good as his second, but some people will buy it, enough to pay him for the time he has put in on it. And if the fifth is up to his usual mark, the fourth does not count against him. But the playwright may write six successes and if number seven is a failure, the six successes will do nothing for him. The seventh fails and when a play fails it fails thoroughly and completely. There could not be a more thorough, scientific, hopeless failure than a failed play. It's done, absolutely, finally, for all time. And the author's eighth play is regarded with cold suspicion. There is something merciless about this aspect of playwriting. Old Testament Justice reigns in the theatre of nowhere else. One slip and Gehenna for the playwright. In the writing occupation, the public shows tolerance, amity, a spirit of camaraderie. But in playwriting, never. The good you may have done dies with the first failure—and the lives of that failure in its influence on your career, surpass in number and vitality, the proverbial cat's.



AND stage writing is more than mere hard work. Your work is never done. You have to think in terms of dialogue and action, dialogue and action that take place within three canvas walls and behind a wall of light. Heaven is marked by a sharply defined proscenium arch, and a trap door is a practical exit below. The stage is, within its limits and under its fixed conditions, a very practical place. Time was when an actor could describe a gorgeous scene gorgeously and get away with it. The most that can be done to-day is to have the country cousin remark in awed tones:—"This is sure a fine room." And even then, on the road, the audience may laugh. The modern stage is decidedly cribbed, cabined and defined. For the stage the lines you write must be written to be spoken, and they must be written and spoken so that they will sound natural and fit. Stage lines must have some of the technique

of a caption—they have got to fit the picture that is presented on the stage before the audience at the moment. I found that out in my first stage effort.

"That occurred ten years ago, and in this way: A gentleman in the production business with an idealist's contempt for consequences, asked me to prepare a musical comedy book for him. I wrote it in exactly five days. I started Monday morning,—I ended it Friday night. Tim had fallen heir to some scenery and came to me one bright Fall Monday morning to get a musical comedy. Incidentally scenery was the only thing he had fallen heir to; not money, by any means. Another man had been grabbed off by the resourceful producer to write the music, and so then set sail to upper New York City to see the scenery we were to fit. After three weeks of rehearsal the result was produced in New Haven. I wrote the book and some of the lyrics; Wallace Irwin wrote some, so did Carolyn Wells, so did Paul West, so did Safford Waters, and so did others. Waters also furnished the music and the producer furnished the company and the optimism.



WITHOUT hesitation or fear of contradiction, I assert that this was unquestionably the very worst musical comedy ever produced on any stage. Perhaps it was too original. The scenery, for instance, was quite unique—it was Japanese with a picture of Fujiyama on every back drop. Most of the female characters wore kimonos and other Japanese things. Nearly all the male characters wore the uniforms of United States naval officers. This had never been done before, you see. We also had a song to the moon sung by the naval lieutenant, who was a tenor, to a coy Japanese charmer, who was a soprano. This had never been done before, either. The ensigns or mid-dies or whatever they were on the cruise, sang several songs, with groups of geisha girls. I do not remember whether we had a rickshaw or not, but I know there were quantities of Japanese lanterns, Japanese parasols, Japanese fans, and many, many cherry blossoms. In every respect but one this musical comedy was unique, as you can see. The one exception was that we had no comedian. We had an excellent dancer, instead. I eliminated many choice lines to give him room for his feet, so to speak. Many other lines he gradually spurned, substituting his own tap-tap-tap for my verbal felicities. As I have just remarked, the piece was produced in New Haven. I remained through the entire, consecutive first act. I sat with the composer, the first night in seven that he had not spent with his head packed in ice bags. That night the play was wearing them.

"As the curtain fell on the desolate scene, I shook hands with the composer and bade him good-bye. It is the consensus of the best opinion of civilized men and women, I believe, to leave certain last intimacies to robust and insensitive people, especially called to act as undertakers. I am not fitted to that occupation, so I left the theatre, returned to my hotel, had

enthe

(Right)

MADALINE TRAVERSE

A study head of a young actress who has been successful in "Yes or No" at the Longacre



Sarony

(Center)

MONA KINGSLEY

Who can blame Grant Mitchell—though if he be only a tailor—if he falls in love with the charming Corinne of "A Tailor-Made Man"?



© Hixon Connelly

IRENE PAVLOSKA

A former prima donna of the Chicago Opera Company now warbling in "Have a Heart" on tour



Abbe

VIVIENNE SEGAL

A bright spot in the Wodehouse-Bolton-Kern new musical comedy "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" at the Princess



© Strauss-Peyton

DOROTHY DICKSON

Another Mrs. Castle who dances with agile grace and is always interesting. Appearing in "Girl O' Mine"

P R E T T Y G I R L S I N P O P U L A R P L A Y S

a Welsh rarebit, and took a late train to New York. The remains, accompanied by the pall-bearers, followed a few hours later. Extra rehearsals were needed, I was told. I could see no reasons for that. Funerals are spontaneous. This corpse did not require full military honors. But they offered the poor thing in New York. I was invited to the obsequies, but had to attend to some important hunting engagement and hid my grief as best I could, as I tramped over the hills of North Carolina after the wily wild turkey. Our play proved to be as lively a corpse as is the prospective one of a wild turkey. It took six full weeks to get it thoroughly buried. The last sad rites took place at Providence and the members of the company paid their own way back to Broadway.



BEFORE I tried to unite a musical show, I did not know this fact about stage lines—that they had to fit the moment. I wrote what I thought were some very clever lines for that piece. When they were spoken, they were absolutely meaningless. They did not fit, did not fit the characters, the scene, the particular arrangement of persons on the stage at the moment. Those lines were the flattest lines I ever heard. By themselves they might have passed. On the stage they simply did not. And the work required to make lines fit! And the hearing of them at rehearsals again and again and again! But the mere repeating of a line makes it dull, tasteless stuff to me. It may be the wittiest line ever written, but if I heard it in rehearsal twenty times, I would shudder in sheer disgust the twenty-first time I heard it.

"The worst of it is that the moment your play gets in rehearsal it must be all written over, written over according to the suggestions and directions and advice and orders and guesses and whims of every one on the premises. Everyone has ideas but the author. He may or may not have used himself up in the production of the original script; but after three days' rehearsals he has been, at least I am, badgered into insanity. There is a cheerful air of agreeing with him in his self-deprecation. Everyone is in accord with him that the original script was a poor thing but his own, with the accent heavily scored on the 'poor' and a contentious dubiousness in regard to 'his own.' As the days go by, he is made to feel that the original was

undoubtedly his own, that no one else could have been so witless, so guilelessly stupid, as to have written it.

"After this first attempt, I remained away from the theatre for a span of years, the writing end of it. Then Roi Cooper Megrue lured me back. Some years before I had written a short story entitled 'The Escape of Mr. Trimm.' Roi asked me confidentially if I did not think it was better play material than 'Within the Law.' What I said in reply I shall not repeat, but shortly thereafter we began writing 'Under Sentence.' As we wrought, strange psychic things happened. Mr. Trimm made good his escape, leaving nothing but his name. An entirely new story grew up and was produced. On the first night, Mrs. Cobb and I sat in the gallery. In the entire act between the second and third, quantities of people came up to Megrue and me and congratulated us heartily. Such classic and expert opinion as 'a hit, boys, sure!' 'You gotta show there!' 'Always knew you had it in you, fellas,' and so on, greeted us. But we knew better. We knew about the third act. We knew that our story had been used up by the second act and that in the third we were starting a new story. After the fall of the last curtain, as I passed through the lobby with Mrs. Cobb, who is a rapid walker, I noticed that many eyes that had beamed at me brightly after the second act, looked the other way.



EARLY the next morning Megrue and I gathered in a room in the Selwyn offices which we named 'The Brain Room.' And there we gathered every morning for a number of weeks. Our purpose was simple; we wrote a new third act every morning and turned it over to the actors. And every night we went to see the new third act. Arch Selwyn and others became interested. Certainly a new third act was on view every night, but the public could not know the eclectic, not to say esoteric interest, the actors, managers and authors took in that third act. Let me explain. The actors were overwhelmed by the power in the 'brain room.' As a result, Thursday's third act contained some of Monday's, some of Tuesday's, some of Wednesday's and a little of Friday's and the following Saturday's. It was intensely interesting, that third act, like a picture puzzle. And there was evident a sporting instinct to help the occasionally bewildered actor, lost in the week, by spon-

aneous suggestion. It was a hectic and absorbing period in my life. Strange to say, we did finally produce a third act but Mr. Selwyn had lost interest by that time, the 'brain room' was dismantled. 'Under Sentence' was condemned and consigned to the theatrical Potter's Field, that bourne from which few travelers ever return.

"I have written several vaudeville sketches which have played successfully, I am told; I have never seen them. Neither have I ever happened to see any of my movie plays. Some day I intend to see one of them. But I have learned one thing. It takes a lot of courage to go to one's own play. I am not greedy for the hero's bays.



BACK in Paducah, Kentucky, when I was a boy, I spent hours with one of those ancient-of-days black tubes with bits of colored glass in one end; you applied your eye to a little hole in the other end and turned the tube round and round, the bits of colored glass running together with a clashing mysterious sound and with results of geometric patterns always fascinating, new and different. What effect generally these domestic kaleidoscopes had on youthful ambitions toward higher mathematics, I do not know; on me they produced a sense of limitless possibilities of angles and lines and curves. But what happens to the bits of glass in the magic tube is nothing, literally nothing, to what happens to the script of the play. If I could write a play, and could stand a first night, I should want not to see the play until the first night. I should be extremely interested in it; it would be almost brand new to me, and I could probably, if it were a success, learn much to bring me to that proper state of humbleness of spirit and meekness of mind that I heard so much of back home. If it were a failure, I should feel for days an inward glow of superiority. Because that play would not be mine, not by a long shot. It would be the joint product of manager-director, leading lady, leading man, prompter, electrician, scene painter, stage decorator, 'grip,' curtain man, stage doorkeeper, box-office ogre and, last but by no means least, ticket speculator.

"So far as I am concerned it would be a case of the funeral meats setting forth the marriage table, or *vice versa*. But most emphatically, it would not be mine."

THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HUBERT SAVILE



Most of the plays produced in America are the work of "Lucile"—Lady Duff-Gordon.

When Isadora Duncan dies it will be impossible for anyone to step into her shoes, because she doesn't wear any.

I suppose Sarah Bernhardt would wear spectacles in private life—if she had a private life.

Whenever Mrs. Fiske sits in a draught Emily Stevens catches cold.

An enemy of David Belasco threatened to kidnap the property-man, but the famous manager retaliated by threatening to sue because of being deprived of his sole means of support.

Harry B. Smith springs eternal in the musical-comedy producer's breast.

In the beginning Gaby Deslys was throne upon the stage.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Therefore Elsie Janis is the greatest flatterer in the world.

Mr. Erlanger believes in Santa Klaw's.

It is believed that James M. Barrie uses molasses instead of ink.

It is hard to realize that George Bernard Shaw was once considered up-to-date. He is so extremely old-fashioned.

Nat Goodwin is the proprietor of a combination dramatic school and matrimonial bureau.

Annette Kellermann gets along swimmingly.

Many people in England believe that it is possible to receive messages from departed spirits, because Pinero has been apparently dead for twenty years, but letters signed with his name sometimes appear in the daily papers.

A stage-struck matinee-girl told me the other day that she loved to read old playbills mentioning the names of Charlotte Cushman, Helena Modjeska and Adele Ritchie.

Shakespeare never repeats. In that respect he differs from John Drew.

Whether she is in or out of the cinema, Billie Burke presents a series of moving pictures.

A chemical analysis of the blood of Alla Nazimova shows it to contain a large deposit of greasepaint.



Mr. Tynan as Barry Carlton, the successful young actor



Photos Charlotte Fairchild

As the old actor recalling his past glory



As King Lear

Mr. Tynan starts as a young actor. He is very talented, but inclined to celebrate his success over the flowing bowl. His best part is King Lear and he marries his leading woman. The second act takes place twenty years later. The former stage hero, now a drunkard who has deserted his wife and child, applies for small parts under an assumed name. Only one of his old friends recognizes him. A revival of "King Lear" is being prepared. An "angel" who really has designs on the beautiful young leading woman, backs the piece. But the heroine—who turns out to be the old actor's daughter—loves her handsome leading man. The young Lear becomes intoxicated and the one-time favorite steps in and plays the rôle. The situation is saved and the old actor retires into the background

BRANDON TYNAN GIVES A REALISTIC AND INTERESTING STUDY IN "SUCCESS"



Mary Ryan as "the little teacher"



Act I. Emily West is loved by all her pupils

Mary Ryan

The play shows the adventures of the little teacher in a small Vermont village, adjacent to a lumber camp. Adored by her pupils, she takes the law in her own hands and rescues two of them from their brutal parents. She is misunderstood and criticized but a



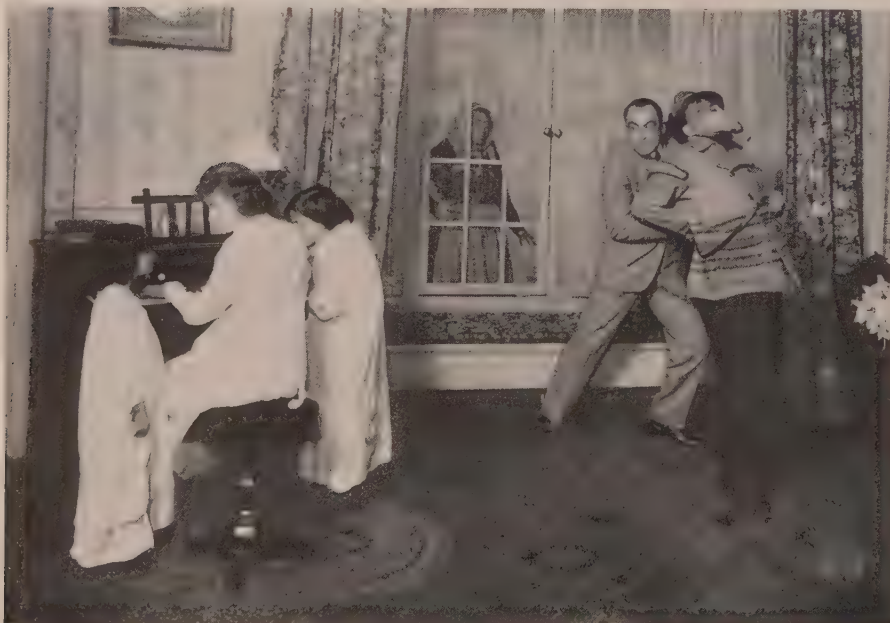
Photos White

Nina Morris

Mary Ryan

Act II. The teacher defends the children from their brutal pseudo-mother who has really kidnapped them

lumberjack giant comes forward as her champion, critics and enemies are routed, her sweet nature revolutionizes the hard, selfish natives, the children—they were kidnapped—are restored to their mother and at the conclusion we see the lumberjack in khaki and Emily West, soon to don a Red Cross uniform, booked for life and "over there" to assist in the reformation of the world for democracy



Mary Ryan

Curtis Cooksey Harold Hartzell

Act III. The lumberjack protects Emily and the children she has rescued



Curtis Cooksey

Mary Ryan

Edward G. Robinson

Act IV. The teacher leaves for "over there"

"THE LITTLE TEACHER," A CHARMING "B'GOSH" COMEDY DRAMA



Carl Randall Vivienne Segal
Act I. Singing "Do Look at Him"

Photos White



Mr. Randall Miss Segal
The wedding ceremony—the finale of Act I



Carroll McComas
Act II. May, the abandoned fiancée, and
chorus singing "Waiting Around the Corner"



Reginald Mason Florence Shirley
Act II. The detective discovers Fanny who
is running away with the stolen necklace



Edward Abeles Florence Shirley
Act II. The valet, an ex-convict,
and Fanny, who are also to wed

"OH, LADY! LADY!!" A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY WITH A PLOT

THE DRAMA AS A "SPECIAL EXTRA"

*With rare exceptions the play of today is
hastily published and vociferously hawked*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



AIDED and abetted more or less by both the learned academicians who make a living by lecturing on the Drama and by the periodical critics who write solemn and oracular treatises thereon, we playgoers of the twentieth century have contracted the somewhat absurd habit of spoofing ourselves about the theatre. It is a Temple of Art. It is a Shrine of Genius. It is the main office of Thalia, Melpomene & Co., Ltd. And so on.

Doubtless the devotees of Thespis have done their share to foster this melancholy delusion. There is scarce a playwright of the day who will not admit that he is a Genius. In evidence of this fact he will write you endless disquisitions on "How I Do My Creative Work." That he scribbles you in five days a play that runs five months is to him proof conclusive of the divine afflatus. Do actors take themselves seriously? Foolish question Number 7,986,543. The chap that jumps barefoot into a barrellful of broken glass and doubles in woodwind speaks of himself always as an "Artist"—without ever the ghost of a smile.

And as for the managers do they not combine with their amazing business acumen a complete knowledge of all that is best in the theatre, infallible taste, and universal talent? The plunger who makes his pile out of "Lucy, the Lovely Laundress," proceeds to establish himself as an *arbitrator elegantiarum* of the Great White Way. He is not only a Napoleon of Finance; he is—but I really haven't time to do justice to his self-estimate.



THE drama is an art, a noble art, the noblest of the arts, a combination of all arts"—by dint of much repetition we actually begin to believe it. But usually there comes a day when, having been many times bored to tears by plays, their authors, their producers, their actors, and their critics, we awake with a start, pinch ourselves, rub our eyes, and find ourselves staring Fact in the face. Said Fact is that, although Euripides, Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Molière were probably Great Artists, we are not living in their day; that, instead, ours is the highly advanced, original and discriminating period of Pinero, Shaw, Walter, Belasco, *et al.*; that, no longer in the hands of great literati, the drama of to-day is confided to the tender mercies of theatrical journalism.

In other words, plays of to-day for the most part are little more than elaborated press cuttings. Our theatre gives us for \$2.50 (plus war tax) a small portion of what our newspaper furnishes for two cents—until the next raise in price. There is really very little reason why the average playwright would not make a fairly good reporter—except that he takes himself with such abnormal seriousness.

Newspapers, as is rather widely known, consist of a miscellaneous assortment of ingredients. First of all, there is the Real News—a very small quantity of it usually, infinitely diluted in a sea of journalese to a point where it makes Gratiano's reasons look like two Woolworth Buildings placed side by side in the midst of Central Park. Next in order and vastly more

extensive comes the Imitation News—predictions, rumors, canards, what Premier Clemenceau confided to Rasper Jitney but apparently kept as a dark secret from President Wilson, and all that sort of thing.

Then, of course, come the Human Interest stories—yarns about women, children, and the great throbbing Heart of Man; editorials—windy suspirations of forced breath, wherein a tired journalist tritely revamps what is always said about whatever type of news happens to be uppermost; feature articles—half-baked or warmed-over stuff, always padded to whatever limit the copy-reader will concede; sports—oh, fearful, wonderful, inexhaustible, and everlasting goulash!; markets; advertisements; court calendars; sassiety; press agency; and fillers.



UNDER fillers are listed funny-page stuff inevitably founded on the joke about marriage being the same as war; sermonettes; advice to the lovelorn; astronomy, eugenics, sanitation, and insurance, in words of one syllable; and stories short or indefinitely continued.

Look on this picture and then on that other presented by the theatre, and you will see that the stage offers us little more than newspaper extracts set in dialogue form and acted out. As Shakespeare dramatized the chronicles of the past, so the modern playhouse concerns itself with current history and its journalistic trimmings. With rare exceptions the play of to-day is a "special extra" hastily published and vociferously hawked.

The late Charles Klein was one of our pioneers in theatrical journalism. One day his subject was police brutality; the next he was writing up the trust evil. Bayard Veiller sold out a huge edition devoted to the downtrodden working goil. Roi Cooper Megrue has devoted himself to such departments as the advertising columns, the early war news, and prison reform. Eugene Walker has extensively exploited the rather widely known high cost of living. Charles Kenyon, in "Kindling," dramatized a single brief newspaper clipping.



METAPHYSICAL topics of the day, much in the manner of their treatment on editorial pages and in Sunday supplements, have likewise been handled by Messrs. Belasco and Thomas, to whom telepathy, mental healing, spiritism, and multiple personality have seemed as worthy material as they are to H. Ad-dington Bruce. William Vaughn Moody and George M. Cohan have also contributed their mites.

Social problems dealt with in the press by such *feuilletonists* as Dr. Frank Crane and Miss Zoe Beckley have been grist to the mills of a herd of dramatists including Shaw, Jones, Galsworthy, MacKaye, Broadhurst, Brieux, Fitch and Barker. The favorite topics are, of course, social injustice, the white slavery called matrimony, unwholesome heredity, and horrendous environment.

Political news has found its way to the stage

through a score of channels. "The Boss," "The District Attorney," "The Man of the Hour," "The County Chairman"—all reflected the City Hall gossip of the moment. And whenever the theatrical journalists have found that they have depressed us to a dangerous degree, they have considerably revived our spirits with heroic doses of optimism, as in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Pollyanna," and all the other glad-stuff, or they have diverted our minds with their dramatized funny-pages.

It is useless to prolong the list—to point out the plays that have at least thought they were transferring to the boards the society items of the day, the market quotations, or the news of the theatre itself. The conclusion is inevitable that the producer and the publisher are at bottom dealers in the same commodity.

It is manifest also that news hath its fashions no less renowned than hats. Just now the fad is necessarily for the martial. No matter what the managers predict we are going to have war plays and war plays and war plays. Time was, within the memory of adolescents, when crime—crooks and sleuths—made all our joy. At another period we took up (in a serious way) psychics and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Naturally, we are at our best when we go in for Social Problems. Now and again we even turn our theatrical attention to religion.

But always we are going to the playhouse in the evening to see an elaborated bit of what we cast our sleepy eyes over at the breakfast table in the morning when we should have been speaking words of kindly encouragement and domestic affection to our wives or husbands, as the case may be.



AS I write, the dramatico-journalistic table of contents for "The New York Daily (except Tuesday) Press-Stage" includes War Stuff (three plays); Society, Eugenics, Woman's Home Page, Business Reverses, Fashions, Hotel Lobby Gossip, Financial, Aviation, The Stage, three columns, and a miscellany of comics, sermonettes, To-day's Short Stories, caricatures, and illustrated supplements.

I pause to inquire, Is the stage a branch of journalism, or is the newspaper a subdivision of the drama? At all events, in our day, with infrequent exceptions, the product of both is extraordinarily similar as to quality and as to evanescence. The function of each is important and much the same. But neither is an art, neither is more than a craft—and not a first-class craft at that. The drama of permanence—no longer with us—was doubtless a different matter. Ours is the Drama of Current Events.

Nevertheless, playwrights, be of good cheer. There are more than a few of these current events eventing these days, and some of them seem almost new. Nobody has written about the choirboy burglar or where Trotzky got his money or Henry Ford's submarine chasers or the spy caught on the Dutch liner or the \$500,000 "lost" in the post office or Bolo and Bernstorff or whale luncheons or the Chamberlain outburst or the high price of crude oil—and any one of them would undoubtedly provide material for a BIG VITAL DRAMA.



From a photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS CAMILLE

Who has not wept with the unfortunate Lady of the Camellias, as she lies in bed on the eve of her dissolution? In every country under the sun theatre lovers have been held spellbound by this tragic end of a classic love affair. But Miss Barrymore, at least, makes it less harrowing by a charming *mise en scène*. The exquisite coverlet, the soft rays of the suspended lamp, all combine to make hers a Camille de luxe

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON



OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, lying in a bed, just recovering from a serious operation, sat up, smiled and asked for his cigar. For Oscar was very happy. That musical institution which he had set in motion some years ago; had installed at the Manhattan Opera House; had put sailing on the operatic seas, with flying of great colors and the singing of rare voices; had watched fight its gallant war with the Metropolitan Opera Company and then withdraw—it had returned to life. It had come back to the scenes of those earlier struggles. It had once more declared for a competitive opera and a "Two Opera House Season."

The Chicago Opera Company, whose season in New York City has given impetus to music, such as has not been felt for many years past, is the evolution of the Hammerstein idea. Cleofonte Campanini, now General Director, was Oscar's right-hand man; many of the foremost singers were originally of Oscar's company. So Oscar smiled, and New York has once more the locale of a right royal musical warfare. Those who like to talk bygones remember the first of these battles—when the Metropolitan Opera Company, then the newcomer gave challenge to the old Academy of Music. Col. Mapleson was the general at the Academy, Abbey headed the Metropolitan. Patti was the big driving wedge of the Colonel, while Abbey held the boards with Christine Nilsson—that was in 1883.



AND now another Patti enters to make glad the hearts of operagoers. Amelita Galli-Curci is her name, and many there were at her début in the Meyerbeer "Dinorah," a favorite Patti rôle, who scorned to bring Patti up to the level of this young aspirant. "Patti had no better voice, and she hadn't the soul of this new coloratura," said one old critic. But whatever tradition may have it, in the memory of the present generation of music-lovers, there has been nothing to compare with the reception accorded to our dear 'Lita.

The City which had literally refused her admittance through its experts, even to the supreme blow of declaring her unworthy to sing in the interlude between moving pictures, now rose to do Galli-Curci homage. "Dinorah" is at best but a poor entertainment as far as action or story have it,—but it is full to the brim with opportunity for the coloratura. In the first act, the new diva came forth, and the tremble in her limbs was discernible to her anxious friends, her voice came with but a bit of its accustomed power; yet the audience listened amazed and gave vent to its feelings. But it was not until the end of the second act—the "Shadow Dance" that Galli-Curci came into her own. All fear had left her, that superb voice danced and warbled and carolled all over the staff and way above it; like a soft summer breeze it rose limpid and free, with never an effort, graceful and liquid, as though it had no beginning and could come to no end. It wasn't singing—it was creating music—it wasn't to be characterized, for here was music almost disembodied. At the very start of the aria, one could feel an electric shock run through the house, and at its end, dignity was completely forgotten, in the hand-clapping, handkerchief-waving, yells, stamping in which the staid box-holders

indulged, like the most abandoned of standees!

Here was the spectacle of people paying as much as \$25.00 for a seat,—well dressed individuals waiting on line from early in the morning—just to stand. What a victory for true genius this has been. Eight years ago Galli-Curci decided she wanted to go on the operatic stage, so she packed her little book under her arm, went forth, and was engaged, so here is but the beginning of a new epoch in her career.



THE only thing ever to have been known to equal the enthusiasm, was at the début of Enrico Caruso, who was enjoying a taste of his accustomed applause on the very night of Galli-Curci's appearance. Now, the splendid news is to be told that never at any time during the Chicago Opera season, was there a falling off in attendance at the Metropolitan. Why should there be? Can a city of six million send only enough to fill one house?

To offset Galli-Curci, the Metropolitan offered a tenor new to these shores, one Hipolito Lazaro, a short, stodgy, bullish sort of an individual with a tremendous voice and little sense of delicacy or art. It is said that Lazaro once took a wager with a friend that he would run all around the Opera House in Havana, singing his high C, and that he did it. If we are to judge tenor voices by what we know, then we must say that Caruso's is like velvet; Lazaro's like burlap, and Muratore's like silk. Truthfully must it be said that of far more importance was Muratore's appearance in the Chicago aggregation. On the opening night of the Chicago season did Lucien Muratore hold the boards as Prinziville in "Monna Vanna," and all the beautiful wiles of Mary Garden could not draw the public mind from his tenor voice. Well might Mrs. Muratore, one time Lina Cavalieri, bathe her features with unpardonable joy, for next to Galli-Curci's reception, in point of enthusiasm and sincerity, was his public commendation.



OR did the second honors go to Rosa Raisa, imported to these States from Russian Poland, via Chicago! More passion and emotion could not be drawn into the singing of a rôle than this dramatic soprano pours into her representations. She is yet the untrained country girl, but for that very rustic touch, her voice is colored with rare sympathy. Witness her "Aida," a girl of Ethiopia, fresh from the wildlands. I sighed that Verdi never heard her—for she was in his mind when he wrote the opera at the command of that visiting Sultan.

Along with Lazaro, Maria Barrientos returned to the Metropolitan stage, and gave her lovely voice as part of the grand assemblage of musicians in the metropolis. At the Metropolitan Frieda Hempel's Maria sets all hearts thumping like her own little drum in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment"—she is by far the most magnetic personality among the singing actresses, and I don't care who knows it. If Hempel and that perfect actor, Mr. Scotti, were to talk in English, the whole production could be transferred to any Broadway house and it could run an entire summer.

In discussing the performances of the past what is one to say of Nellie Melba who sang Marguerite in "Faust" better than she did it over a quarter of a century before? Better in dignity and passion and almost with the same freshness of voice. In the performance I speak of, Charles Dalmores did a "two-a-day" act—he had sung in the afternoon in "Louise" and saved the night when Muratore was indisposed.

Of this season's countless surprises, none has been more fraught with promises than Florence Easton's success. When the adorable Geraldine Farrar became indisposed, Mrs. Easton jumped into the "Lodoletta" cast, and moved right up to Caruso, without dismay. She did well—Caruso was not dismayed. Though "Lodoletta" is scarcely a top-notch opera,—another Mascagni mediocrity, and many wondered why it should have been chosen as one of the few new presentations of the Metropolitan season,—it has its value for the leading singers. The story is taken from Ouida's "Two Wooden Shoes," which curiously has been considered by several composers, chief among them being Puccini.



OVER at the Chicago, Harry Hadley's "Azora" was sung. Being by an American it was naturally put under the microscope and attributed to everybody from Mozart to Strauss. It seems peculiar that an American opera is condemned almost without hearing, while the European, like the criminal at the court of justice, is innocent until proven otherwise. "Marouf" and "St. Elizabeth," heard for the first times, were passed as being worth while, but "Azora" had very little praise, though unquestionably it is of far superior construction to "Lodoletta." Anna Fitziu and Arthur Middleton were the bright lights in the Hadley opera, with the composer himself at the conductor's stand. I tremble for Charles Wakefield Cadman and Arthur Nevin, whose American operas will shortly be heard. But I know that "Coq d'or," to be staged soon under the direction of Adolph Bolm, will be the one spectacular sensation of the 1917-1918 musical epoch. To put an operatic month into a paragraph is harder than bringing the proverbial camel through the needle's eye. Suffice it to say that the Western musical invasion was a fine thing, and outside of the leaders mentioned before, that much should develop in Mme. Genevieve Vix and Caroline Lazzari; in Cecil Arden and Madame Manny.

In the concert halls, violinists have been waging a war all of their own. Closely following the Heifetz furore, came Max Rosen, an American boy, returning from the tutelage of Leopold Auer. Unfortunately for Rosen was the time chosen; too fresh on the ears of critics and audiences were the Heifetz tones. Rosen is not the matured artist, his technique is unequal to the task his program set him, though in him is a hungry soul, eager to express in music the ideas and ideals of a fresh young idealist. A small tone of honeyed sweetness is his present most apparent asset—the rest will come. Heifetz meantime continues to justify the highest praise given him at his début; now it transpires that he is not quite seventeen! Kreisler came out of his enforced retirement to take the first violin desk in the Kneisel Quartette; Elman remains the (Concluded on page 184)



MAX ROSEN

Fifteen years ago Max was fiddling in a barber shop. Neighbors talked of his genius, and he was sent abroad to study with the great Auer. His return to America is marked by a triumph



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FLORENCE EASTON

Born in Yorkshire, England, this popular new singer of the Metropolitan forces married an American tenor, McLennan. She is a Wagnerian scholar, but this season the War is keeping her to Italian music. She is both beautiful and beautifully voiced



HENRY HADLEY

Though an American, Mr. Hadley is a composer who is rapidly gaining recognition. He shows an aptitude in writing music of the mystic Orient and old Carthage. "Azora" is his latest contribution to opera



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MARIA BARRIENTOS

A Spanish product, Miss Barrientos is old-fashioned in her musical tastes but she's young and attractive. She is violinist, pianist and composer, and the darling of Buenos Ayres



Mishkin

HIPOLITO LAZARO

After a career in his native land, Spain, this tenor repeated his success in Italy and South America. He is now being heard at the Metropolitan



Victor Georg

ROSA RAISA

This fine artiste was nearly killed in Kief during a massacre. It was fortunate that the young girl was saved for she is declared the finest soprano of this decade. She works—25 rôles mastered in two years

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Goldberg

FRANK LONGACRE

A REFRESHING youngster is Frank. He is the boy with the welcoming grin in "The Gypsy Trail." To use his own phrase he is "ten goin' on eleven." Frank just happened to go on the stage. He came by way of the screen. A motion picture prospector for juvenile talent discovered a group of lads. "Come on over and make a trial picture at the studio," he invited. Lives there a boy who would decline such an invitation? Not Frank Longacre. He posed in a screen comedy "School Bells." The cleverness he displayed in inventing business bent his future stageward



White

MINNA GOMBEL

WHEN the actress who plays the title rôle in the comedy, "The Indestructible Wife," made her stage début she laughed but her mother sat in the audience and wept through the performance. Miss Gombel had run away from home, or she would have, had not her mother accompanied her, to go on the stage. Her father wouldn't permit her to use the family name. That is the reason she was known for several years as Winifred Lee. Her father permitted the restoration of the family name, after she had proven her mettle. The bedewed début was made in "Excuse Me." Much stock ensued. An interruption occurred when she played the ingenue with Fannie Ward in "Mme. President." Then a three nights' engagement in "Six Months Option." But W. A. Brady saw her and recognized her quality



White

CURTIS COCKSEY

THAT an actor can live down bad repertoire companies is demonstrated by Curtis Cooksey, the leading man of "The Little Teacher." His career opened inauspiciously with "Dora." Afterwards were stock and pictures, and pictures and stock. Maybe David Belasco introduced him to New York in "The Heart of Wetona." Maybe Mr. Cooksey's vigorous physique, one of his chief assets, is due in part to the fact that he was born on a Kentucky farm and descended in straight line from progenitors who settled in the State in 1623. Breeding counts on the stage, as elsewhere



Mishkin

MARJORIE VONNEGUT

MARJORIE VONNEGUT, who comes from Indianapolis, is one of the most decorative and otherwise pleasing members of the organization of Washington Square Players. She wins audiences by her youth, good looks, poise and sincerity. She literally sobbed her way to success in New York. It was in Alice Brown's one-act play "Sugar House." She feared that she would be permanently a sob-sister, but that fates that perch upon theatre roofs gave her an opportunity in comedy. Her emotional gifts are displayed in "Habit" and her sense of humor in "Suppressed Desires" in the recent bill at the Comedy



Lewis-Smith

LILLIAN ROSS

HOW OLD IS JANE?" is an inquiry that has succeeded "How Old is Ann?" Everyone who sees "Seventeen" asks it. The small, dark-eyed, pig-tailed tormentor of her brother, loo's ten years old. She is, in fact, eighteen and a half, and has played grown-ups and even been made love to on the stage. She can't remember her first part. But the first part she remembers playing was Cobweb in a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Being a girl was a handicap. She was expected to do a handspring down a hill. One of the superior sex was engaged to do the feat. It was Lillian Ross' only stage failure

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



HUDSON. "THE INDESTRUCTIBLE WIFE." Comedy in three acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on January 30th, with the following cast:

Charlotte Ordway	Minna Gombel
James Ordway	Lionel Atwill
Benjamin Field	Frederick Esmelton
Amelia Field	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Schuyler Horne	Roland Byram
Paul Brooks	John Cromwell
Brandy McBride	Clay Clement
Julia Keith	Jane Houston
Mary Ellen	Irene Timmons
Patmore	Esther Howard
Clapper	Howard Kyle
	Edward Le Duc

At times I have berated the Hattons for want of taste, but in the matter of "The Indestructible Wife" I confess I enjoyed it very much. A little judicious editing would make it a far better play for there is altogether too much repetition of the obvious.

The restless woman of indomitable energy, who in her frantic attempts to be always doing something, bores and exhausts her friends, relatives and servants and who finally lands herself in a sanitarium for neurasthenics, is a legitimate and admirable subject for contemporary comedy.

The title rôle is played with remarkable fidelity and magnetic allure by a newcomer, Minna Gombel. Hers was a metropolitan début that neared a virtual triumph. Delightful youth and beauty, combined with perfect assurance, swept all before it. The interpretation was absolutely devoid of sexual appeal. It was the realization of the unconscious but overpowering confidence of youth.

The tired-out husband and his two friends were all neatly exploited by Lionel Atwill, Roland Byram and John Cromwell. A baby-talking vampire, who played her part in the reconciliation, was a new and amusing variant of the jealousy motif. As acted by Jane Houston she was most amusing. The bride's parents were acted by Frederick Esmelton and Mrs. Jacques Martin. The latter was quaintly old-fashioned, sweetly sympathetic and artistically amusing. Howard Kyle headed a well-acted array of family servants while as the physical culture expert Clay Clement contributed a creation of irresistible comic value.

KNICKERBOCKER. "JOSEPHINE." Satirical comedy in three acts, prologue and epilogue, by Herman Bahr. Adapted by Dr. Washburn Freund. Produced on January 28th, with this cast:

Clio, Muse of History	Grace Harrigan
The Author's Muse	Ann Andrews
"Boney"	George Fredericks
Josephine	Virginia Harned
Barras	Hubert Wilkie
Louise	Aimee Dalmores
Napoleon	Arnold Daly
The Colonel	Joseph McManus
Moustache	Harry Mestayer
The Austrian Ambassador	Paul Irving
Larose	Marion Ballou
The Abbe	Coulton White
Talma	Arthur Forrest

WASNT Ferrero the Italian, the first of the historians to strip the sentimental veil and reveal the heroes of the past as they really were, presenting them as human beings with the usual assortment of foibles and frailties? This is the spirit which influenced Herman Bahr, the Hungarian, in the composition of "Josephine."

The phases in the kaleidoscopic career of the great Frenchman show him first as the devoted lover, spurred to achievement by the ambitious Josephine. The second interlude has for its interest his successes in Italy and the third shows his particularly intimate side wherein from Talma, the great French actor, he takes a lesson in deportment and the acquirement of a pose that shall identify him with posterity. This is the best phase of all, a very human and amusing essay in high comedy, and a scene in which Arnold Daly appears at his best, most ably aided and abetted by Arthur Forrest whose assumption of the imposing Talma is replete with fine pompous yet imposing dignity and very notable plastic grace.

Virginia Harned was somewhat restless in the title rôle. Aimee Dalmores is piquant and capricious as Louise, while Harry Mestayer gives a vital and humorous rendering of Moustache, a devoted veteran bored by the formalities of the incipient court. Larose, a vivandière, is acted with vigor and feeling by Marion Ballou.

BROADHURST. "THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE." Satire in three acts by Alan Dale. Produced

on January 28th, with this cast:

Iris Fotheringay	Emily Stevens
Sallie Winborn	Frances Underwood
Rex Letherick	Jerome Patrick
Mrs. Van Duzen	Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Mrs. Wallingford	Ffolliot Paget
Miss Pettiton	Daisy Atherton
Mr. Wallingford	Colin Campbell
Jack Frellingham	Warburton Gamble
Reginald	Douglas Ross
Mrs. Kay-Phros	Ruby Trelease
Mrs. Frosticia Arundel	Eunice Elliott
Minnie Panos	Ann Delmore
Petti Sweets	Adele Mingau
Rosalie	Marguerite Forrest
Mrs. Van Duzen's Butler	John Wilson

OUR latest Shawlet is none other than Mr. Alan Dale. It would seem that ever since Leander Richardson imported him from Birmingham along with the English sparrow, this uplifter of the American stage has cherished within his subconsciousness a Big Idea. And now at last it has burgeoned forth in a chatterfest in three chats somewhat as follows:

Chat I. Iris, wealthy and oh, very feministic, decides to have a child without benefit of clergy, and the neighbors are shocked.

Chat II. Iris has had the child and the neighbors are shocked.

Chat III. The neighbors are shocked, and Iris, together with her child's father, decides to invoke benefit of clergy.

"The Madonna of the Future," as befits the title, is a mystery play, the mystery being why any intelligent manager should want to produce it, and also why a critic who has helped laugh off the boards so many similarly ridiculous affairs should so lack the sense of humor as to write it.

As a chatterfest the piece was chiefly concerned with angling for laughs, and it got far more nibbles than bites. It would seem that through long years of satirical writing the author, so far as wit is concerned, has been bled white. "Saturday to Monday," in similar vein, was vastly more scintillant; nevertheless, its title came near expressing its duration.

In both Mr. Hurlburt's piece and that of Mr. Dale, Mrs. Teresa Maxwell-Conover voiced much of the wit and so emphasized the contrast. Ffolliot Paget was more successful with her seasoned method in invoking mirth. Funnier than all

others was Douglas Ross as a butler *chantant* who had probably served his apprenticeship at Shanley's.

As the lady of the maternal though unconventional aspirations, Emily Stevens wiggled and sotto-voced and mrsfisked with her usual assiduity. Opposite her was Jerome Patrick who made love to her with all the ardor of a wooden soldier wooing a rag baby.

BOOTH. "SEVENTEEN." Play in four acts founded on the story by Booth Tarkington. Dramatized by Hugh Stanislaus Stange and Stannard Mears. Produced on January 21st, with this cast:

Mr. Baxter	Lew Medbury
Jane Baxter	Lillian Ross
Mrs. Baxter	Judith Lowry
William Baxter	Gregory Kelly
Johnnie Watson	Neil Martin
May Parcher	Beatrice Maude
Lola Pratt	Ruth Gordon
Genesis	George Gaul
Joe Bullitt	Morgan Farley
Mr. Parcher	Eugene Stockdale
George Crooper	Paul Kelly
Ethel Boke	Agnes Horton
Wallie Banks	Arthur Wells
Mary Brooks	Henrietta McDannel

CALF-LOVE, the first dress suit, the *enfant terrible*, and hobble-dehoy idealism are the materials that furnish forth "Seventeen," which has been "dramatized" from Booth Tarkington's story. Mr. Tarkington has a good memory, extending clear back to the Eighties, a faculty of observation, and a sense of humor. With the aid of all three he has devised a fairly amusing comedy of adolescence which is good enough in its way for about two acts, but rather too monotonous for four.

William Sylvanus Baxter, going on eighteen, sets up for his ideal the self-sacrificing Sydney Carton and falls in love with a baby-talk doll who deftly and all unconsciously fractures his brittle young heart. However, the fracture is necessarily not compound, and four years in college will probably heal it.

Meanwhile, "Silly Bill," as his kindly young companions insist on calling him, talks learnedly to Lola about love, gives up for her sake his place in the Stutz with all the nobility of his Dickensian hero, battles valiantly against parental non-comprehension, and counts shingles at six cents a thousand—bad ones—to earn the price of society accoutrements second-hand.

All of this gives much opportunity for amusing dialogue and characterization. Gregory Kelly, as Sylvanus, makes the most of his many opportunities with his unusual gifts

of pantomime and facial expression. He is ably seconded by Ruth Gordon, as the baby-talk lady, and by Lillian Ross, as the tattle-tale sisterlet whose espionage more than once "ruins his career." There are several other interesting juvenile types, skilfully drawn and ably interpreted.

PRINCESS. "OH, LADY! LADY!!" Musical production in two acts. Book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Music by Jerome Kern. Produced on February 1st, with the following cast:

Parker	Constance Binney
Mollie Farrington	Vivienne Segal
Mrs. Farrington	Margaret Dale
Willoughby French	Carl Randall
Hale Underwood	Harry C. Browne
Spike Hudgins	Edward Abeles
Fanny Welch	Florence Shirley
May Barber	Carroll McComas
Cyril Twombly	Reginald Mason
William Watty	Harry Fisher

OH, LADY! LADY!! as might be inferred, is a 1918 edition of "Oh, Boy!" What was so well worth doing once the Messrs. Bolton and Wodehouse and Kern have naturally thought worth doing again. The book, in fact, of the second piece, is quite superior to that of the first. The songs, though delightful, scarcely equal those of the original comedy.

But why, oh, why, locate a scene in Greenwich Village, with "every man, woman and poet there" attending an early morning studio roof party, and then have everybody look, dress, act and talk like a Mineola week-end? Some day somebody will put the *real* Greenwich Village on the stage (or in a book) and have a lot of fun out of it at that.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" has an extensive and capable cast of Broadway favorites. Everybody can either sing or dance or act. Carl Randall dances superbly and makes us forget his vocal limitations. Harry C. Browne sings atrociously and dances like a baby elephant, but he is a thoroughly ingratiating comedian.

Miss Carroll McComas can do a little of everything quite well, and so can Vivienne Segal. Edward Abeles, as an ex-convict valet, and Florence Shirley, as a shoplifter, enliven the proceedings greatly, although really the former should not be over-encouraged to dance nor the latter to sing.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" contains several catchy songs. "*I Never Knew About You*," from "Oh, Boy!" seems to have so pleased the authors that they have done it over as "*You Found Me and I Found You*"—to say nothing of "*Before I Met You*."

PLAYHOUSE. "THE LITTLE TEACHER." Comedy drama in four acts by Harry James Smith. Produced on February 4th, with the following cast:

Emily West	Mary Ryan
Mrs. Caldwell	Lillian Dix
Miss Leech	Carolyn Lee
Mrs. Hodges	Marie Haynes
Mrs. Gresham	Nina Morris
Mrs. Tarberry	Kate Mayhew
Mrs. Dale	Viola Leach
Pansy Rollins	Florence Curran
Aggie Brazee	Maxine Mazanovich
Marie	Katherine Brewster
Andy	Thomas Gillen
Daniel Bailey	James Gillen
Lucius Bowman	Paul Bryant
Pug	Curtis Cooksey
Batiste	Edward G. Robinson
Neal Brockway	Ethan Allen
Bert Gresham	Harold Hartzell
Ezekiel Fox	Waldo Whipple
James McCullom	Edward L. Snader
Mr. Brown	William J. Phinney
Mr. Durham	Horace James

NEW ideas, theatrical or otherwise, these days, are few and far between. The treatment and personal equation injected are everything. So it is that "The Little Teacher," the new "b'gosh" comedy-drama, becomes something very close to a veritable work of art.

The material is really time honored, its bases are the sure-fire formulae that have done service time and again, but the individual touch is refreshingly genuine, sound, honest, healthy and sincere.

Mary Ryan is featured in the title rôle, and a splendid performance too she gives of it. Into it she pours a wealth of feeling, youthful, gracious charm and unaffected and catching enthusiasm. Equally vital and compelling is Curtis Cooksey as the Vermont Ingomar, his giant nature tamed and subdued to loving adoration by the little teacher's softening influence. A capital performance.

Of course, the piece is liberally sprinkled with types. Individual notice should be awarded to Marie Haynes as a sharp, shrewd, but withal kindly boarding-house keeper, to Edward G. Robinson as an amusing French-Canadian pal of the hero, to Nina Morris and Harold Hartzell as the kidnapping duo and to Edward L. Snader as a local Solon. Mention too is deserved by Lillian Dix, Carolyn Lee, Kate Mayhew and Viola Leach, for varied, human portraits.

HARRIS. "SUCCESS." Play in four acts by Adeline Leitzbach and Theodore A. Leibler, Jr. Produced on January 28th, with this cast:

Dolly Dean	Carree Clarke
Miss Hamilton	Mildred Southwick
Willis Potter	William Hassan
Phil Lawton	L. Melton Cladagh

Jane Arlington	Helen Holmes
Ferguson Holt	Louis Leon Hall
John Treadwell	Arda La Croix
"Mike" Lewis	Jess Dandy
Margaret Hamlin	Emily Callaway
Barry Carlton	Mr. Tynan
Joe	Richard Abbott
Nick Walker	George Leffingwell
Henry Briggs	James Durkin
Gilbert Gordon	Lionel Glenister
Rose Randolph	Marion Coakley
Ruth	Margaret Lapsley

WHAT do the critics mean when they stigmatize a play by the use of the adjective "old-fashioned"? There are still extant plays which may justly be termed so and yet are vital to the theatre. Do they mean that the piece to be thus politely damned is not a "new-fangled" thing.

It is true that "Success," produced with Brandon Tynan and Jess Dandy and a quite competent cast is not a bit like the sex plays. The critics no doubt mean to call a play old-fashioned when it shows conformity to established rules and when it has a plot, action, suspense, tense moments.

"Success" has all of these. Its story will be found elsewhere in this issue. Brandon Tynan was admirable in his protean rôle and Marion Coakley lent him able support as Rose.

BIJOU. "GIRL O' MINE." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Philip Bartholomae; music by Frank Tours. Produced on January 28th, with this cast:

Chef de Gare	Ernest Perrin
Duc de Bouvais	James Lounsberry
Toby	Carl Hyson
Betty	Dorothy Dickson
Lulu	Edna Wallace Hopper
Charlie	Barratt Greenwood
Teddy	David Quixano
Lily	Marie Nordstrom
Jack	Frank Fay
Mildred	Helen Lee
A Waiter	Charles Burrows
Greene	Carlton Macy

GIRL O' MINE is one of those middling musical shows that you keep hoping will blossom into something really interesting, but that never do. It seems to have most of the ingredients except the one essential—inspiration. Besides, "Oh, Boy!" has set such a standard for this sort of vest-pocket entertainment that its successors for many a day will labor under a heart-breaking handicap.

The chief defect is the lack of sufficiently inspired lyrics and music. Both are somehow devoid of distinction, and with few exceptions they left a second-night audience quite apathetic. Messrs. Bartholomae and Tours are hardly another Wodehouse and Kern. Helen Lee and David

Quixano sang the more pretentious songs. Each has more than the ordinary musical comedy voice, and each is singularly lacking in charm or personal appeal.

The bright spots—when they happen—are supplied by Dorothy Dickson, Marie Nordstrom, and Frank Fay.

Miss Nordstrom is a hard-working and often successful comédienne, and Mr. Fay really has a humorous style all his own. Their satire on feminism—wherein the woman lawyer of the future flirts with her male stenographer, who "must work," is the funniest thing in the show. Eva Wallace Hopper made a lively little Frenchwoman.

COMEDY. "HABIT," a critical comedy by Frank Dare. **"SUPPRESSED DESIRES,"** a satirical comedy by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell. **"THE SANDBAR QUEEN,"** a melodramatic comedy by George Cronyn. **"POKEY,"** a cartoon comedy by Philip Moeller. Produced on January 23rd, with the following players:

Clare Tree Major, Arthur E. Hohl, Frederick Roland, Edward Bulzerit, Marjorie Vonnegut, Abram Gillette, Robert Strange, Helen Westley, Eugene Lincoln, Kate Morgan, Florence Enright, Jay Strong, Hugo Gillespie, Vincenzo Ioucelli.

IN these days of violent change it is refreshing to go to a theatre and see the same players in play after play. You get to have an interest in their individual development and progress.

The Washington Square Players' recent bill was a comedy one. "Suppressed Desires," by George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell, in which the backfires of a too intense devotion to the principles of psychoanalysis are treated with much distinct humor, is an amusing trifle. The acting is fair.

"The Sandbar Queen" is a melodramatic comedy of the Northwest conveyed in terms of profound profanity and pariously plain talk. But as a sort of Bret Hartian "outcast of Poker Flat," Helen Westley, in the title rôle, creates a finely moving impression.

A critical comedy by Frank Dare called "Habit," supplies the third item. It is also psychological in its intent, the reaction on the souls of a pleasure-seeking quartet in the face of an imminent physical peril.

"Pokey," by Philip Moeller, completes the programme. A cartoon comedy on the Pocahontas legend, it serves its purpose in producing plenty of laughter, not of the very

thoughtful kind. Florence Enright, Frederick Roland and Helen Westley are the principal fun-makers and in it Kate Morgan gives a finished portrait of a garrulous old squaw.

CORT. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." Presented on January 25th, with this cast:

Duke of Venice	Charles K. Kennedy
Prince of Morocco	C. H. Meredith
Prince of Arragon	Percival Vivian
Antonio	Charles Webster
Bassanio	Leonard Mudie
Salanio	Louis George
Salerino	Eric Snowden
Gratiano	John S. O'Brien
Lorenzo	William Raymond
Shylock	Albert Bruning
Tubal	St. Clair Bayfield
Launcelot Gobbo	Percival Vivian
Old Gobbo	St. Clair Bayfield
Balthasar	Margaret Gage
Portia	Edith Wynne Matthison
Nerissa	Adrienne Morrison
Jessica	Elsie H. Kearns

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON has been presenting some of Shakespeare's familiar plays at special matinées at the Cort. The venture is well timed and representatives of the younger generation have crowded the playhouse. A specially selected company, of which many are engaged elsewhere in regular productions, assist her in her dignified and worthy experiment.

Hard it is to say—for it seems ungracious—but I cannot truthfully evince much enthusiasm over Miss Matthison's Portia. To me it was altogether too chastely cold, too classically reserved. The elocutionary skill of her art swamps its human appeal.

Leonard Mudie's Bassanio is one of the best I ever heard, manly, picturesque, and poetical, it satisfies both eye and ear. Percival Vivian was an alert and comic Launcelot. Doubling as the Prince of Arragon, he gave an equally satisfactory rendering of that well-contented suitor. William Raymond was a romantic Lorenzo and Jessica had a sweet and dextrous exponent in Elsie Herndon Kearns.

A consistent and ably executed conception of Shylock was given with much professional finesse by Albert Bruning. What it lacked in physical power was ably atoned for in the intelligence displayed in its apt and varied elocution.

THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LES FRERES KARAMAZOV." Drama in five acts by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croue, founded on Dostoevski's book. Produced on January 22nd, with this cast:

Fiodor	Louis Jouvett
Dimitri	Robert Bogaert
Ivan	Jacques Copeau

Alexei	Jean Sarment
Smerdiakov	François Gournac
Le Père Zossima	Marcel Millet
Grigori Vassiliev	Robert Casa
Moussialovitch	Marcel Valée
Vronbleski	Marcel Millet
Trifon Borisitch	Lucien Weber
Le Cocher Andrey	Paul Jacob-Hians
Le chef de la police	Henri Dhurthal
Grigori	Emile Chifoliau
Katherina	Lucienne Bogaert
Agraféna	Valentine Tessier
La servante	Cicette Jacob-Hians
Boris	André Chotin

TO make a real play out of a novel has been a task assigned by managers ever since there were successful books but the plays thus obtained have generally possessed little vitality. It may be doubted if there is a living dramatic author writing in the English language who could have turned out a real play from the material in Dostoievski's book, "The Brothers Karamazov."

Jacques Copeau and his collaborator, a sociétaire of the Comédie Française, may be congratulated without reserve for making a genuine drama from it. The play has been on view several times at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier and every time it has taxed the seating resources of this small and compact house. Indeed, after the first performance here, it proved so popular that the kitchen chairs had to be brought in and placed in front of the usual first row in order to accommodate the increased audience.

"Les Frères Karamazov" is a melodrama of the very highest class, for melodrama does not exclude psychology when that soul study is done under the pressure of emotion and passion. Three men shine in the representation—the actor who impersonates that ancient reprobate Père Karamazov, Gournac, who adds brilliancy to other shining labors on this little stage as the unacknowledged son and Ivan as created by M. Copeau. It was he, indeed, the director, who shot a dazzling ray on this transplanted theatre and thereby justified both himself and it. If there were an adequate French version of Hamlet there are a great many admirers of M. Copeau who would go far to see him in that greatest of all male rôles.

THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LA NOUVELLE IDOLE." Play in three acts by François de Curel. Produced on January 8th, with this cast:

Albert Donnat	François Gournac
Maurice Cormier	Robert Bogaert
Denis	Marcel Millet
Louise Donnat	Valentine Tessier
Baptiste	Emile Chifoliau
Antoinette Millat	Suzanne Bing
Jeanne Lejeune	Paulette Noizeux
Eugénie	Jane Lory

THE degree of interest taken in "La Nouvelle Idole" at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier as compared with the apathy shown by audiences to Molière and strictly literary plays, so-called, should prove to Director Copeau where success lies.

Not that the modern play performed there recently was a model of its class. It was not. Its theme was unpleasant and the play, strange to say, of a French drama which is commonly nothing if not correctly written, seemed improperly constructed. The right of scientists to take the lives of incurable patients, everything considered, a bad subject for dramatic treatment. It cannot be denied, though, that it is drama. The hero of François de Curel's handling of this subject, after being berated by his wife as an assassin, does the best he can for his reputation and the feelings of the audience by inoculating himself with the same deadly virus which he used to put consumptive incurables out of the way.

M. François Gournac gave a distinguished performance in the character of the scientist. Valentine Tessier appeared as the wife and Suzanne Bing as a young and almost angelic patient.

CARNEGIE. "ELECTRA." Tragedy by Sophocles, with special incidental music by Walter Damrosch. Revived on February 6th, with the following cast:

Orestes	Fred Eric
Attendant	Fuller Mellish
Pylades	Benjamin Kauser
Chrysothemis	Madeline Delmar
Clytemnestra	Florence Wollersen
Aegisthus	Mitchell Harris
Leader of Chorus	Diantha Pattison
Electra	Miss Anglin

THE *intelligenza* of New York, not less than 3,000 in number, assembled at Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of February 6th to demonstrate that the spirit of a great creation can never die.

The "Electra" of Sophocles was written some 2,300 years ago, yet as Miss Anglin and her talented associates presented it, it was as vital and gripping as any drama fresh from the pen of the most expert of modern dramatists. It was an impressive occasion, a superb tribute of devotion to an ideal that met with an instant and tremendous expression of universal appreciation.

I wish I had more space to write of this venture, to give its merits the true value they deserved. The setting was superb in its majestic proportions, so splendidly attuned

to the poignant mood of the tragedy. The costumes were a feast for the eye. For these contributions all hail Livingston Platt, while the movement and detail of the action breathed beauty and the significant sweep of a soul-stirring tragedy.

One of the best of our few real elocutionists, Miss Anglin, combining an expert knowledge of the technical and plastic phases of her art, gave an Electra beautiful in its grief and sisterly love and gorgeously moving in its outbursts of triumphant revenge. Florence Wollersen was an exquisite figure as Clytemnestra and Fuller Mellish, a splendid reader, gave dignity and distinction to the aged and devoted Argirian guardian.

Walter Damrosch's musical accompaniment, played with loving expression by the Symphony Orchestra, contributed vitally to the occasion.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "KAREN." Drama in four acts by Hjalmar Bergstrom, translated from the Danish by Edwin Bjorkman. Produced on January 7th.

TYPICALLY Ibsenian is the four-act play "Karen." Written by Hjalmar Bergstrom, who recently died, it reflects all that pessimistic gloom that so generally invests the Scandinavian drama. "Karen" is not cheerful, but it reads and acts as if it were a genuine page from life.

A good man but narrow, Kristen Borneman has more than his share of domestic troubles. The character is presented with fine repressed conviction by Frank Conroy. The daughter, with "her life to lead," is acted with earnest sincerity by Fania Marinoff. Its high lights she hardly reaches. The mother is admirably played by Grace Henderson. Harold Meltzer acts an impetuous sculptor with distinguished fervor and a family physician is quietly and effectively presented by Mr. Macauley.

PARK. "SEVEN DAYS LEAVE." Drama in four acts by Walter Howard. Produced January 17th.

THIS piece came to New York with a record of a long run in London where, no doubt, its rather hackneyed melodramatic tricks find a larger and less sophisticated audience than here. The four acts are brimming over with the thrilling situations that have ever been dear to the gallery. There are spies and submarines and exciting swimming races through the raging surf. To those who like this kind of thing it's just the kind of thing they'll like.



Ann Andrews

Aimée Dalmores

(Napoleon) Arnold Daly

Harry Mestayer

This satirical comedy by Herman Bahr deals with historic incidents in the early career of Napoleon I. The plot revolves about the infatuation of the conqueror of Austerlitz for Josephine, and gives Mr. Daly splendid opportunities.

SCENE IN HERMAN BAHR'S COMEDY "JOSEPHINE" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER



Photos White

This pro-ally war play, which has run for more than a year in London, deals with battles and perils by land and sea. The piece is full of sensations, not the least among which is Lady Mary's swimming race, through the raging surf, in pursuit of a German woman spy who is taking stolen papers out to a U-boat.

SCENE IN WALTER HOWARD'S MELODRAMA "SEVEN DAYS LEAVE" AT THE PARK

SATIRICAL COMEDY AND MELODRAMA AMONG NEW PRODUCTIONS

CRITICISING THE CRITICS

The shortcomings of the theatre have been discussed by actors, managers and playwrights. Now the theatregoer has his say

By CELESTE AYMOND McVOY



A CRITIC has been defined as "an inveterate playgoer who does not pay for his seats." As an inveterate playgoer who does pay for her seats, and who also reads dramatic criticisms, I should like to express some opinions about plays and critics, and about the manner in which their mutual relations affect the great public from which audiences are made.

Always, the audience is the final critic. It furnishes the only verdict which the playwright is bound to accept, which the critic cannot refute. Money talks. It has the last word in every theatrical controversy and though much print and paper have been used to prove the worthlessness of popular judgment, the effort to do so has been futile. Now, as ever, "you cannot indict a whole people" and playwright, critic, actor, manager, all stand or fall with us, their audience. The lines spoken by David Garrick on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1747, are, in a practical sense, as true to-day as they were then:

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we who live to please, must please to live."

This places squarely upon the shoulders of the public the responsibility for the mediocre class of plays now prevalent. Critics say volubly that they are weary of this play world, that there are no good plays being written to-day and, even if there were, there would be no good audiences to appreciate and support them.

Playwrights and managers say that they and their families have to live; hence, they must write and produce the kind of plays that the public is willing to pay to see.



UNDER this dual accusation of critic and manager, the public has had little to say for itself, save in the aforementioned laconic, currency conversation, which is assured a hearing in every box-office. Are these professionals justified in thus placing upon the public the responsibility for the accepted type of theatrical entertainment of to-day? I certainly hate to acknowledge any personal complicity in some of our recent successes; in fact, I think the public is blamed more than it deserves to be and, as spokesman for the audience, I wish to "pass the buck." As a preliminary concession, it must be acknowledged that there is as much Art and Literature on the stage as the public seems willing to pay for, and more than that we have no right to demand. Furthermore, no matter how artistically or altruistically minded they may be, a few isolated idealists and intellectual reformers cannot, by writing and getting highbrow drama produced, change the trend of popular taste. They are preaching vegetarianism to a people who are fond of high living.

Let us examine more closely this question of public taste in plays. Why do people go to the theatre? First, foremost and always, to be amused, interested, entertained. Theatregoing is the expression, in maturity, of the old "Tell-me-a-story" instinct of childhood.

What is their standard for judging a play?

If they like it, it is a good play; if they do not like it, it is not a good play.

Has this "I-like-it-because-I-like-it" standard ever resulted in the development of appreciation for anything better than the chromo in pictures, ragtime in music, or in the development of good taste in any other form of art?

It certainly has not. Good taste always has been and always will be a developed product—the result of education, culture and environment.

Where, from kindergarten to bald-headed row, is the public supposed to have had inculcated good taste and correct criteria for judging plays?

We are taught who are the masters in every other art. In the public high schools we are given at least a superficial smattering of Greek and Roman sculpture and architecture; we are made familiar with the names, with reproductions of the masterpieces of the mediæval and Renaissance artists; we hear about the lives and works of the Fontainebleau school of painters; of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites; of Rodin, Whistler, Sargent. We can see examples and reproductions of their works in the art galleries.



WE are taught something about music; know the names of the great musicians and can hear their compositions rendered by good orchestras or, at least, by player-pianos and victrolas. In every other art but drama we are taught a rudimentary something about its fundamental principles, the names and works of its greatest masters—we are given a standard for judging. But in that art alone which is woven into and out of the life of the people more closely, more immediately than any other, in that art which can sway and influence us through our sympathies and imaginations more directly and powerfully than any other,—in drama alone, we are given no standards whatever for the formation of individual judgment or taste!

The curriculum of the public high schools probably measures the limits of the culture acquired by the great majority of men and women in every audience. According to high school teaching of English literature, it would seem that drama had died with Shakespeare and, since then, the theatre had been devoted to a commercialized system of popular amusement, not worthy of the consideration of serious educational institutions.



TO be sure, we are taught that Ibsen, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Rostand and a number of other European men of letters have written plays, but these authors are considered as poetic or social reformers rather than as successful playwrights, and their works receive consideration on account of their literary rather than their dramatic merit. It follows that audiences know nothing about dramatic values or standards and, consequently, make no demands for better plays. When the demand is there, by irrefutable law, a higher class of plays will be forthcoming.

Nor have audiences been trained to direct across the footlights serious intellectual con-

sideration of problems of life in plays. People go to the theatre for pastime only and serious criticism of existing conditions or thoughtful interpretation of life in drama is a drug, which must be so sugar-coated with sentiment and sensationalism to induce the average audience to swallow it, that the average playwright concludes he might as well give us bread pills to begin with.

The above-the-average dramatist, whose convictions are strong enough, and ideals high enough to make him refuse to "prostitute his talents to a degraded public taste," writes plays which are valuable contributions to the culture and literature of our time, which will give to future generations vivid, true pictures of the social conditions and abuses of our day,—(Heaven forbid that we should be judged by some of our greatest popular successes), but—it does not pay to present these plays on the stage and, in book form, they must make their way to the libraries of those readers who are interested in their criticism of our social institutions, and who appreciate their literary and social value. That this play-reading public is large and constantly growing may be ascertained from any bookseller.

But why should this condition exist at all? Plays are written to be played, not read. When a writer has ideas which he wishes to present to a thoughtful people for consideration and discussion, why does he hamper himself with the restrictions imposed by dramatic form, unless he intends his play to be played?



DRAMATIC form imposes very difficult conditions. The whole story must be told by speech or action, in a very limited number of scenes. The dramatist cannot narrate what his characters are thinking, but not saying. The audience cannot follow them into the next room, out in the street, wherever impulse or plan may take them, whichever way the individual may choose to go. In a novel, a story, a poem, the reader can and does so follow them. Then, why does an author adopt these difficult conditions, if his play is not to be played.

Primarily, he hopes that it *may* be played; again, because the dramatic form, owing to its very limitations, gives a highly concentrated, vivid, striking presentation of the clash of human interests and purposes.

Drama is more impressive than any form of narrative, makes a more immediate appeal to the imagination and sympathy of its auditors. We live in a rapidly moving, highly specialized, highly dramatic age. Drama means movement, action, conflict—the conflict of individuals against each other, their struggle against the tyrannies that oppress them, against conditions that prevent the attainment of their ambition, their love, or their desire for revenge. Drama expresses human experiences in terms of real men and women, with whose aims and ambitions, joys and sorrows, the audience identifies itself. Social criticism is very effective when presented to us in this way. On the people in the play, the social laws are working as



From a portrait by Window and Grove

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS PORTIA

The managers are neglecting Shakespeare, but this popular interpreter of the poetic drama saved the Bard from total eclipse at a series of special matinées at the Cort recently. That she presents Portia with her usual elocutionary skill goes without saying

they do in life, and it is intensely interesting to see worked out on the stage, situations that interest us in life.

Then why do not serious dramatic studies of life attract large audiences when produced, if they can and do command a large reading public? Ibsen suggested using the theatre not only as a place of amusement, but as a place where ideas, suggestions for social betterment, correction of various forms of economic injustice might be presented to thoughtful people for discussion. Why does his Drama of Ideas frighten away more people than it attracts? Simply because audiences have not been accustomed by habit or trained in any way to give serious thought to dramatic performances. One does not go to the pastry shop for beefsteak. When people put on their best clothes and invite their friends to join them to go to the theatre, it's a party, and they are in the mood for light amusement, not for deep thinking. Yet these same people will complain that many of the plays that are served us nowadays are hardly worth going to see. "Oh, it will do for an evening's pastime," is their comment on the great majority of our successful plays. "It" would not do for our evening's amusement, if we stopped to realize how trivial, how illogical, how insincere in its presentation of character "It" really was; if we recognized that "It" was composed of a jumble of highly-colored characters, talking superficially clever clap-trap, disporting themselves flippantly or artificially, in untrue and illogical situations, the unnaturalness of the whole proceeding disguised from us by the rosy light of sentimentalism or sensual appeal.

But how can the average audience be made to realize what low-grade entertainment it is accepting and applauding? Winthrop Ames has said:

"The trouble with the drama now and for several years in the past, is that it is dominated by a great, new, eager, childlike, tasteless, honest, crude, general public; and as for blaming anybody—well, it's pretty poor fun blaming a great primal force like gravitation of democracy."

"I believe that the average quality of stage plays has declined in America during the past twenty years for these surprising reasons: First, that America is a democracy; second, that we have free public schools; third, that these twenty years have brought us unexampled material prosperity, and, fourth, because of

the labor unions and their influence. I am not aiming at a paradox. Democratic America has stood for the right of the lowest citizen to better his social position; and he has taken full advantage of this opportunity; our schools have made a certain level of education not only free but compulsory; the national wealth has increased by leaps and bounds, and various social forces, chief among them the labor unions, have been sifting this wealth down through all classes of society. The result has been that in the past twenty years, those in America who would be called peasants abroad, have advanced a stride in the social scale; and this pressure from below has correspondingly increased the lower middle class, and, in turn, this has doubled—it is hardly wide of the mark to say it has quintupled—our theatregoers."

"We found, to our regret, that it was not the intellectual public that had quintupled—it was the less intelligent. They were ignorant of dramatic standards of culture. To them a play was just a 'show'—and their definition meant a simple, rapid, exciting story told in terms of action. The more intelligent public had increased, too, of course, but in comparison its increase was so small as to be negligible, and the so-called 'advanced drama' began to lead a hole-and-corner existence."

This appears to be a very sound diagnosis of the situation. It is a sufficiently disheartening one to those who are looking for an immediate improvement in the present standards of dramatic culture and quality of plays. To one who loves going to the theatre, but longs for more of literary charm, theme value, character delineation and skilled workmanship in plays, it is poor consolation to reflect how many generations must elapse while "great primal forces like democracy" are evolving to higher planes of culture.

In every city large enough to support first-class theatres, there is an agency that ought to be competent enough, concerned enough to undertake to promote the movement for elevating the dramatic taste of the public; an agency that has the opportunity, could have the authority, should have the responsibility to exert itself in this direction—I refer to that presumably trained body of men who write dramatic criticisms for our daily papers.

Why do papers employ dramatic critics?

Why do people read dramatic criticisms?

Some of us hope, in reading them, to get an educational awakening to new values in the technique and spirit of plays; to come to a realization of our own mistakes in dramatic judgment and discrimination; to have corrected our men-

tal defects in seeing and hearing. This may seem too much like the attitude of a patient applying to a specialist to have his vision or hearing improved and his faculties rendered more efficient, but are they not, or, rather, ought they not be specialists, those critics—trained writers who stand between playwright, manager and actor, on the one hand, and, on the other, the great public from which audiences are made?

What is the object of dramatic criticism? Is it merely reportorial, or is it not rather to help form the people's standards? To influence the opinions? To train audiences in taste and discrimination? To inform the public what plays are worth their while?

Producers and managers judge largely by the standard of success—the box-office returns are their criterion; and why blame them, when, with them, it is a commercial venture? The critic, however, has no investment at stake save his own and his paper's reputation and he should judge by other standards. His duty lies between playwright and people. To do justice to both, he should have a mind trained to correct judgment and discrimination; he should have opinions, but not prejudices; he should have "ideas allied to conscience and taste"; and, obviously, he should have technical training in the subject on which he specializes.

Are most dramatic critics adequately prepared for the practice of their profession? Do they do justice to their readers, many of whom accept blindly the review's official verdict, as though a critic were an infallible judge and, at the same time, the spokesman for the collective mind of all? Do they make any attempt to prepare a richer soil of culture and appreciation, in which higher forms of dramatic expression might flourish?

The newspapers, for the benefit of their readers, employ experts in other lines, that are not specifically journalistic, such as fashion and "beauty" hints, gardening, law and insurance decisions, and even how to do your courting. Why, then, should not dramatic critics be held responsible to do more to instruct the public and elevate public taste? If they cannot do so or will not do so, the only alternative seems to be to broaden the field of eugenics and disseminate wider knowledge concerning birth-control of plays.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Maude Adams is the daughter of Annie Adams, who was a member of the Empire Stock Company?

That Rose Coghlan for many years divided stellar honors with her brother Charles—now dead?

That the first theatre erected in North America was opened at Williamsburg, Va., in 1716?

That Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore?

That Mrs. George Gould was an actress, and, as Edith Kingdon, was popular at Daly's Theatre in support of Ada Rehan?

That Mrs. Frank Gould was Ethel Kelly, and appeared in musical comedies?

That the first American actor was named John Martin? He made his debut in Philadelphia in 1790 and, like many of his successors, he "lived poor and died young."

That Laurette Taylor, the actress, is the wife of Hartley Manners, the playwright?

That when Marie Tempest was Mrs. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, she was related to the Duke of Richmond?

That Elsie de Wolfe began as a society amateur, remained on the professional stage for many years, retiring in order to take up interior decorating, in which field she has gained fame and fortune?

That Grace George, while still a student at a dramatic school, met and married William A. Brady, the manager, and made her first appearance on the professional stage as a star in a play called "Countess Chiffon," which was a dead failure?

That May Yohe was once the sister-in-law of the Duke of Newcastle?

That Kitty Gordon is the sister-in-law of Lord Decies, who married Vivien Gould?

That Fanny Ward has a grown-up daughter?

That William Courtleigh has a grown-up son?

That Edna Wallace Hopper appeared in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was produced in 1893?

That Mrs. Patrick Campbell has lost a son in the war?

That Grace La Rue designs all her own costumes?

That the statuary in front of Amelia Bingham's house on Riverside Drive came from the estate of Clyde Fitch at Greenwich, Conn.?

That Bessie Clayton has a fortune in diamonds?

That Billie Burke was named after her father who was a noted comedian and clown?

That Louis Anspacher, the playwright, is the husband of Katherine Kidder, the actress?

That Cleofonte Campanini is the brother-in-law of Tetrizzini, the singer? Our esteemed contemporary, *Vanity Fair*, in its February issue, gravely informed us that they are man and wife. But—don't you know that the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the one who knows?

That David Belasco was born in San Francisco in 1859?

That Sam Bernard was born at Birmingham, England, in 1863.

That George Bernard Shaw was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1856.

That Chrystal Herne, in private life, is Mrs. Pollard; that Marie Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter; that Annette Kellermann is Mrs. James R. Sullivan?



(Left)

NAT C. GOODWIN

On the stage and off, Hymen has appealed to this actor as much as Thespis. As the genial Judge in "Why Marry?" at the Astor, his presence gives color to the title and his acting merit to the play

(Right)

MACLYN ARBUCKLE

One of the most amusing features of the revival of "Lord and Lady Algy" is Arbuckle's portrayal of the abused soap-making husband. In a play full of stars, this irrepressible comedian is by no means eclipsed



Moffett



© Victor Georg

LOU TELLEGEN

The star of "Blind Youth" is the Admirable Crichton of the theatre. He's a sculptor, an author, a matinée idol and screen star. Not the least of his accomplishments is that he is the husband of Geraldine Farrar



White

FRED STONE

Who is the only one to blame for the S. R. O. signs for "Jack O' Lantern" at the Globe Theatre. This is Fred *a la* Harry Lauder



White

CONWAY TEARLE

The newest Armand Duval has long been one of Broadway's favorite leading men. At the Empire in "The Lady of the Camellias," he imbues Dumas' hero with a splendid spirit of youthful passion

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN FRANCE

One of the world's greatest actresses and women has a word of cheer for every mother who has a boy "over there." An interview with

SARAH BERNHARDT



WHILE I marvel every day at the magnificent spirit of patriotism with which the United States is mobilizing an irresistible army, I am surprised to hear the question brought up as to the safety of the morals of these young men.

In France, where we have looked the laws of health and morals in the face, the question has never been a problem. Very early in the beginning of the war we recognized that our only danger of contagion, from any source, was from our common enemy. We did not fail to recognize the vast importance of the morals of men thrown suddenly from the environments of civilized restrictions into the mad vortex of evil passions. Not that war prosecuted in the cause of moral liberty could have an evil influence upon our soldiers, but that the hardships and exposures of war brought among them the menace of primitive laws.

My observation of life has been, usually, at the heart of the human being. The irregular palpitations, usually called emotions, are more evident in youth, and it is in youth that the heart beats closer to the ideals of romance. Therefore I do not believe that the American army, being the flower of American youth, can be exposed to moral dangers. The temptations which the fighting men in Europe expected might enslave their armies, were the "*femmes de guerre*," women who, according to the best laws prescribed in the cities, were under the supervision of the police. They were compelled to carry identification tickets, pitiful certificates of their caste.



IN this country where purity of sentiment has failed to recognize the presence of the "*femmes de guerre*," it seems incredible to believe that they exist at all. But I read in a newspaper that thirty-five of these women under moral suspicion were taken from the boundary lines of a military camp in the Far West, to be interned during the period of the war.

The announcement startled me, angered me to think that such a disaster could possibly be a serious threat to the moral purpose and high standing of the American soldier. I could not at first believe that it was true. Then it was pointed out to me by an American friend that there had been other rumors of dissolute women being found in the neighborhood of the local camps.

It is a problem entirely new to this beautiful country where, in my travels, I have seen a universal spirit of motherhood and devotion among American women to the moral force of the soldier. The man in khaki to-day fighting under the American flag is the symbol of a great cause, a cause which those in Europe who have died for it have enriched. I never see an American soldier without feeling a new inspiration, as though I were in the midst of a new race born to inherit the pledge of vengeance for the millions of his European allies who have borne the first shock of brutality and carnage.

I look at the American soldier in his sturdy, upright youth and wonder what sort of woman can attack the moral splendor of his character.

I doubt very much whether any woman can, but since it appears that the "*femme de guerre*" has been discovered in America, I cannot make my protest against her strong enough.

She should be interned for the period of the war, by all means. She should be hunted after as if she were a dangerous leopard, for it is such women who spring at the heart of youth—to kill.

But how, in this great country of yours, is it possible to find these women? Except in isolated cases such as the one I referred to in the Far West, there seem to be no women of this character universally recognized in this country.



EUROPE being much older, much more desperate in its immediate fight for life, has recognized the scientific fact that such women exist as an actual menace to the health of the soldiers. Over there it was a question which became paramount in military organization. By strict army regulation it has been impossible for any "*femme de guerre*" to even see a soldier in camp. For miles behind the lines such women are looked out for, turned back, or imprisoned. There is no delicacy expressed among army officers about the treatment of these women either. They are recognized as enemies to the moral purpose of the war, and they become the charges of the police if they attempt to violate military orders.

With the soldier on furlough in Europe, these restrictions are not necessary, because war has made the soldier as a child in the care of women who look after the wounded, entertain the lonely, and protect the helpless. The wonderful moral attention which is silently given by distinguished women in Europe, to the care of the soldier on furlough, is one of the most remarkable testimonials to the sort of obligation women have undertaken to sustain the moral standards of the Allied armies.

Millions of women in this country have instinctively adopted this duty of moral influence upon the American soldier. They are organized in all cities, all States, bound together by mutual understanding to defend their men from other dangers of war than those of shot and shell. Every woman knows that the heart of her man must be kept sweet and warm against this savagery and horror of his new environment, and she is planning to keep her presence and her influence always near him in the trenches.



I HAVE heard so many plans conceived by American women to accomplish this, to remain always at the side of the men at the front, that I realize how strong the tie is between the great moral purpose of this war and the moral purpose of these women who are in sympathy with it. They will find a great army of sisterhood waiting to help them in France.

The fact that the "*femme de guerre*" has been banished from around the European camps should be a reassurance that the American army have the benefit of an organized protection as soon as they arrive in France. We have solved

the moral issues that threaten the spiritual safety of our soldiers, and our solution should be of service to the American army in France.

There are certain results to the spirit of every man who shoulders a gun for the protection of national purity that are inevitably uplifting. After he has faced death in the great cause, he has a contempt for the frivolous elements of life. I have stood among those soldiers close to the lines of the enemy and marvelled at the delight with which they listen to the romance of the play. I have acted for them as they stood in their bloodstained clothes and seen how easily they could forget the horrors they have passed through in the classic mood of a French drama. They are hungry for romance, true romance, for their hearts are young and they are proud of their strength and their youth.

In safeguarding the morals of the fighting man, we must not forget their hunger for romance. I regard one of the chief elements in maintaining this romance in the heart of the soldier, this love of wife, mother, sweetheart, sister, to be the keeping of the romantic atmosphere of home ties. Woven into the woolen sweater is the sacred memory of the fireside, of the front porch, of the ice cream parlor, of the cottage and the mansion. There is romance of the right sort, of a practical homelike value in the great output of this army of knitting women. This is one of the subtler but definite influences against the temptations of the "*femme de guerre*."



IF we seek a closer analysis of the moral safety of this wonderful young army you are sending so buoyantly to defeat the Hun, is it not a fact that you have not questioned the morality of your man?

Has he not proven to you that he is a competent guardian of his own morals?

No other man in the world has more enviably represented chivalry, courtesy, generosity to women than the American. This habit of his life and his race has so reinforced his character that there can scarcely be a doubt that the American soldier begins his service in France with the same high standards of conduct and loyalty to home tradition as his comrades in France.

While you are accustoming yourselves to the presence of military forces, there has been no murmur against military discipline. It must have been hard to bear, but has it been as severe as in the European armies?

I am inclined to think an equal severity with that of the European armies has been unnecessary. Behind the amazing celerity of your draft and your recruiting, there has been the spur of the ideal in this war so ably defined by your President. Fired by his eloquence and his love of right, the vast American Army rallied to his service as one man. The national call and the national imagination has planted in the heart of every American soldier the traditions of his country—the willingness of every man to fight to the last trench for a just cause. In the sweep of feeling which has carried into effect this great national army, there is no fear of temptations that will interfere with his patriotic duty.



Photos White

Vincenzo Ioucelli, Jay Strong, Florence Enright, Robert Strange and Eugene Lincoln

"POKEY," BETTER KNOWN TO HISTORY AS THE PRINCESS
POCAHONTAS, A "CARTOON" COMEDY BY PHILIP MOELLER



Arthur Hohl

Helen Westley

"THE SANDBAR QUEEN," A MELODRAMATIC COMEDY BY GEORGE CRONYN



Marjorie Vonnegut

Clara Tree Major

"SUPPRESSED DESIRES,"
A SATIRICAL COMEDY



Robert Strange

Marjorie Vonnegut

Frederick Roland

Clara Tree Major

SCENE IN "HABIT," A CRITICAL COMEDY BY FRANK DARE

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN FOUR KINDS OF COMEDY

NEW YORK'S HISTORIC THEATRES

No. 1: The Old Bowery

By CHARLES BURNHAM



TO the New Yorker, who loves to turn over the pages of his theatre memories, there is, perhaps no one remembrance which brings to mind so many rosy nights at the play as those which recall visits to the Old Bowery. For it was there that his youthful imagination was deeply stirred, and his cup of pleasure filled to the brim by the bountiful fare prepared for his delectation.

This theatre, once the most famous of all New York playhouses, stood on the west side of the Bowery, just below Canal Street. It was considered downtown even in the days of which I write, but the seeker for amusement did not mind the journey from one part of the town to another, though the means of travel consisted of lumbering stage-coaches and box-like cars propelled by horses who had suffered much in the cause of rapid transit.

Prices of admission were twelve cents to the upper gallery and the pit, fifty cents to the so-called orchestra, while seventy-five cents was charged for a seat in the balcony. The latter was the select part of the house. Boxes cost five and seven dollars, according to location. Previous to the regular opening hour, admission to the pit was extended to early comers on the payment of three cents extra. This custom caused frequent questioning by the occupants of the gallery to their more fortunate brethren in the pit below with the remark yelled in stentorian tones: "Hey, Johnny, how did yer git de extry pennies to git in de pit wid?"

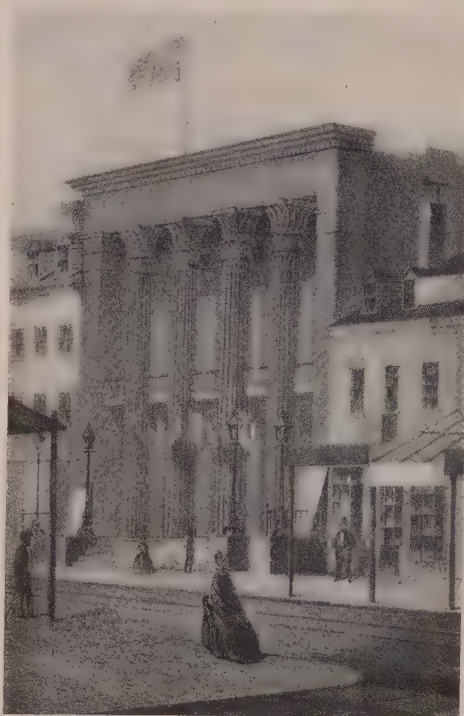


MANNERS in the Bowery houses were quite democratic and conversations between patrons in the galleries and the pit were carried on so that all might hear, a practice which often added to the enjoyment of auditors in the more exclusive parts of the theatre. Frequently the attention of the whole house would be drawn to what seemed a small-sized riot in the top gallery, but which generally turned out to be a good-natured dispute, Bowery style, regarding the merit of some favorite play or actor, the argument terminating in the threat of one disputant to "chuck" the other into the pit. A threat invariably greeted with the request from other galleryites, "Naw, don't do dat. Kill a fiddler wid 'im." This prejudice of the gallery boys to the orchestra was caused by the fact that they were better judges of music than the musicians gave them credit.

At one time a row of iron spikes extended across the stage in front of the footlights and part way up the sides of the proscenium. They had been placed in this position to prevent any highly excited auditor who might be carried away by the realism of the acting from climbing on the stage and vent his indignation on a too realistic villain. One evening, during the performance of an enormously stirring melodrama, an occupant of the pit became unduly worked up over the hearty piercing call of the heroine in distress, who, with tears streaming down her face, cried out, "Will no one save me?" The pitite jumped from his seat and shaking his fist at the villain answered back, "Damn me if I don't!" and was only prevented from climbing on the stage by the spikes and

the unanimous demand of the entire house to "Kill him! Throw him out!"

The doors opened at seven, the curtain went up at a quarter of eight and seldom was the performance over before midnight, for the bill was ordinarily a long and varied one. The audiences that attended were a treat in themselves. A well-known writer of the day, in speaking of them, said, "We have often expressed the opinion that those who never go to the Bowery theatres miss many great treats. To say nothing of a multitude of good plays—in their way—they miss really crowded houses and really appreciative audiences. Broadway audiences never applaud like the Bowery audiences, and never hiss like the Bowery audiences. On the west side of town hissing is a lost art. Thank Providence it still flourishes in the Bowery!"



The old Bowery Theatre in 1860

An evening's bill at the Bowery generally consisted of a farce, two acts of romantic drama, an up-to-date melodrama and a pantomime, while between the various plays a song or dance was given by some well-known favorite. The melodrama seldom failed to be as exciting as the most exacting could wish for. Even before the curtain rose your feelings were brought to a high pitch of expectation by reading the synopsis of what was in store:

Act I.—Fearfully Terrific Combat for the love of lady fair. The Knight to the rescue. Triumph of the Knight.

Act II.—Progress of the Plot. The Abduction. Roderigo's vow to rescue the Maiden, though he slays a Million. The Knight a prisoner. Attack by the Robbers. Grand Combat for the Maiden. JOYOUS TABLEAUX.

Act III.—The Gypsy's warning. The hour of vengeance. The Attack. The Train is Fired. The Castle Blown Up. Union of the Lovers. THRILLING TABLEAUX.

The use of capital letters in the announcements served to add to the anticipation.

When at the conclusion of the performance, the crowd poured forth upon the dim gas-lit

Bowery, it was some comfort to those whose homes were situated in the upper part of the city to know that, according to the announcement on the programme, the management had made arrangements to have the "Dry Dock stages" at the door of the theatre as late as half-past twelve o'clock. Also with the Spring Street line of stages running through Hudson Street and Tenth Avenue to Thirty-second Street."

While it was a good-natured assemblage, the Bowery audience was apt to be a bit boisterous, and the better element hastened their steps to reach the various vehicles in waiting. This procedure was not always an easy matter, for the coaches and cars were generally in one seemingly inextricable knot, and the authority of the solitary policeman on duty seldom offered any solution of the tangle. However, these were but minor annoyances and New Yorkers gave but little heed to such matters, having plenty of time and confident all would be straightened out and the journey's end reached eventually.

With some people the Old Bowery did not bear a good name, and when at times the clergy inveighed against the theatre, a common occurrence in those days, the old house served as a text and was referred to as "the home of Satan, where ruffians congregated and where the lowest form of entertainment was presented. A plague spot to be avoided." After a particularly severe denunciation by an eminent divine, one of the leading publications of the day came to the defense of the theatre in an article signed by the editor himself in which he said: "If a deputation of clergymen would go some evening to what is popularly supposed to be the most depraved and depraving institution in the city, and take their seats in the balcony, they would find no house full of ruffians, no pocket-picking or sparring matches,—but instead an audience not at all like that of Wallack's in the matter of dress, but very much like that in some other respects: a sad-faced American audience, quietly awaiting the rising of the curtain.



AFTER the orchestra had played an overture dear to the hearts of the reverend clergy, for it will remind them of the jingly hand-organs of their childhood—waltzing mannikins, little man with brass plate no bigger than a penny, chirping monkey and all—after this the laughable farce of "A Pleasant Neighbour," whose cheerful but untimely songs disturb the rest of my lord and lady, whose midnight revelries in turn mar the repose of the honest and tuneful shoemaker.

Down comes the curtain upon the "Pleasant Neighbour," in all the triumph of domestic virtue and proverbial philosophy; and up it rolls again, revealing "the beautiful play of Ingomar, the Barbarian"! Cold indeed must be the hearts of the reverend clergy, if they do not leap in their sacerdotal bosoms when Ingomar himself bounds upon the stage, and all the galleries send up a welcoming shout.

Then comes the Olio, the double essence, and the Serio-comic songs and dances by Miss Alice, and the gorgeous spectacular pantomime entitled the "Three Dwarfs," in the midst of which, at twelve of the clock, the reverend



Lewis-Smith

RUTH GORDON

Who has introduced to Broadway the latest type of vampire—the “baby talk girl,” who in “Seventeen,” at the Booth, lures youths to despair



Fairchild

RUBY NORTON

Who, as an important member of the “Flo-Flo” company at the Cort, is contributing her share to that musical comedy’s success



Lewis-Smith

HELEN MENKEN

Not the least delightful feature of “Parlor, Bedroom and Bath,” the farce which is laughing merrily along at the Republic



Johnston

HELEN FALCONER

Possessing the twin virtues of youth and good looks and appearing with Fred Stone in “Jack O’ Lantern”



© Strauss-Peyton

HAZEL LOWRY

David Warfield’s newest leading woman who is playing Helen Stanton in “The Music Master” on tour

T H E Y B R I G H T E N D A R K D A Y S

clergy bid good-bye to Good Angel Columbine, Pantaloon, Harlequin and the rest, and go their ways, after four hours of amusement, without having heard one word that would bring the blush to the cheeks of the most reverend of clergy or the most modest of her sex. But they have heard enough moral maxims to give weight to next Sunday's morning and evening discourses, although the moral maxims will, on neither of these occasions, meet with the hearty applause that greets them to-night as they drop from the lips of the cheerful shoemaker, the lovely Parthenia, or Ingomar, the Barbarian.

"If the professional gentlemen of our little party, had gone down into the pit, they would have had some neighbors, red as to their shirts, and not conventional as to their tobacco, and their clerical garments would have been brushed against by orange and lemonade boys. They could not, however, have munched peanuts after the traditional fashion unless they had come provided, or unless they were luckier than the present writer, and if the reverend gentlemen—forgetting for a moment their high calling, and having come so provided—had proceeded to make merry over their peanuts, and grow hilarious at the novel situations, they would have been called to order, not only by the gentlemanly usher, but by the public opinion of the Old Bowery Theatre."

Though melodrama and pantomime held first place on the Bowery stage, its patrons were not averse to Shakespeare now and then, even though they crowded the house whenever a play was

given which called for the services of dogs and horses. Whenever a holiday came around, the managers were more than generous with the quantity of the entertainment offered and the quality compared more than favorably with that given at some of the more higher-toned houses on Broadway. Imagine a bill like the following being given in these modern times: "The performance will begin with the petite Comedy of 'The Youth That Never Saw a Woman.'—Dance by Miss Minnie Jackson.—After which the roaring Irish Farce of 'Paddy Carey,' with songs and Irish Jig.—To be succeeded by the local Drama of 'Fast Women of the Modern Time,' introducing the celebrated Female Minstrels and Female Target Scenes and a new and beautiful programme of Songs, Jigs, Walk-arounds and Essence of Old Virginny.—Interspersed with Wit, Fun and Frolic; Odd, Strange, Droll Sayings, Quips, Quirks and Quiddities.—Concluding with G. L. Fox's Comic Pantomime of the 'Four Lovers.'" All these various pieces were interpreted by a company that ranked high in the list of artists of the theatre of that time.

During the Seventies, the Old Bowery began to lose caste rapidly and soon became but a memory. In 1879 it became known as the Thalia and conducted as a German theatre. Its walls still stand. They have sheltered an interesting and important period of American theatrical history.

On the southeast corner of Broadway and Ann Street, there stood for many years a four-storied brick structure, built in the early Thirties, where originally the largest dry-goods

store of the city existed. It later became the home of Scudder's American Museum, and, in 1841, P. T. Barnum established there what proved to be one of the greatest amusement enterprises of the world. Its position was a commanding one and Barnum made it more conspicuous by adorning the outside of the building with flags of all nations, quite a novelty in those days. To attract further attention, he placed between the various windows large oval wooden panels with paintings of every important animal known in zoölogy. The decoration of the building with these panels gave New Yorkers a new sensation. Balconies extended around the building on the first floor and in front of the second floor on the Broadway side. Here the great showman stationed a band and their efforts were so atrocious that the merchants in the neighborhood complained to the authorities.

On the Broadway side was the only entrance and exit to and from the museum. This opened into a small lobby on the lefthand side of which was a comparatively narrow staircase of wooden construction leading to the museum proper. Managers in those days were more concerned in getting people into their theatres than they were in getting them out. In order to get those patrons out of the building who brought their lunches and made a day of it, Barnum constructed an exit on the Ann Street side over which he placed a sign reading "To the Egress." In their anxiety to see what new animal Barnum had captured, the crowd rushed down the stairway only to find themselves in the street.

WANTED—A VAMPIRE!

An Advertisement and Some Answers

By HAROLD SETON



THE ADVERTISEMENT.

"WANTED.—A VAMPIRE!!! *Exceptional opportunity for a woman to create adventuress rôles in the feature-film productions of a new moving-picture company. Address, stating age, appearance, and general qualifications, X. Y. Z., Post Office Box 123, New York City.*"

ANSWER NUMBER ONE.

X. Y. Z.

Dear Sir:—I seen your ad for a Vampire, and I am after offering me services. Sure and I am thirty-six years of age, and am a perfectly respectable widow-woman, as any of the neighbors can tell you.

Me late husband, Denis O'Brien, was a car-conductor, God rest his soul, but he died two and a half years ago of rheumatism and lumbago and fatty degeneration of the heart. Since then, with the help of the blessed saints and me own strong right arm, I have supported meself and me four small children. I take in washing and go out by the day.

I can give Mrs. Julius Rosenblatt and her sister, Mrs. Morris Blumenstiel, as references. Both of these ladies has a lot of jewelry and silverware, but neither of them ain't never missed nothing while I have been around, though sometimes after I have left. I am honest and reliable, and seldom touch a drop of liquor, me only excitement being a visit to the movies once a week with a lady friend, Mrs. Murphy, who lives downstairs, and whose husband is a brick-layer.

Mrs. Murphy likes the comical films, but I

like the tragical ones. I seen many Vampire pitchers, including Valeska Bara and Theda Suratt, and I believe I could do the work if showed the way. You see, it is a little out of me line, but I hope you will give me a chance, as this is a deserving case.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. DELIA O'BRIEN,
789 Third Avenue. (Three flights up.)

ANSWER NUMBER TWO.

X. Y. Z.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your advertisement in to-day's paper, I herewith apply for the position. I believe that honesty is the best policy, so I will try to be quite frank, recounting my various shortcomings, leaving you to discover my redeeming features. Of course, I could describe myself as being this or that, or could even send you some other girl's photograph, but that is not my way, and you would be sure to learn the truth sooner or later.

I am twenty-eight years of age, and am rather short and stout. In fact, I am four foot ten in height, and my weight is one hundred and eighty-eight pounds. (But maybe that would not show in the movies.) I am quite crosseyed and have been since my birth, an operation having been unsuccessful. (But maybe that would not show in the movies.) Two front teeth are missing, as the result of a recent accident, in which I fell down stairs. (But maybe that would not show in the movies.)

By profession I am an undertaker's assistant, a most unusual occupation for a woman, I admit.

At present, however, I am employed as time-keeper in a vinegar factory. But I would much rather be a Vampire, if possible.

Yours very truly,

(Miss) MATILDA FITZHUSKINSON,
543 Main Street,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

ANSWER NUMBER THREE.

X. Y. Z.

Dear Sir:—My attention has been attracted by your advertisement for a Vampire, and I would be pleased to consider a proposition, many of my friends having advised me to pursue this course. My gentleman friends have been especially emphatic in their approval.

I am eighteen, tall and slight. My movements are sinuous and seductive. My hair is black and curly, my eyes are brown and soulful. My lips are full, and my teeth are gleaming. I am full of temperament, and express myself emotionally.

I dress in exquisite style, my costumes always creating a sensation. It is no exaggeration to say that I am the recognized belle of the neighborhood. There are many suitors for my hand, and I am the recipient of much attention.

However, I must be seen to be appreciated. Therefore I solicit a personal interview.

Permit me to sign myself,

Yours cordially,

GLADYS MONTMORENCY,
111 Thompson Street,
New York City.

P. S.—I am a full-blooded colored lady.



George Gaul Gregory Kelly

Willie is concealing, beneath a bathrobe, his father's dress suit, which he has secretly "borrowed" to make an impression on Lola Pratt. Genesis discovers him



Gregory Kelly Neil Martin

Willie and Johnny serenade Lola. They compose a song in her honor and sing: "*Oh, Lola Pratt, sweet Lola Pratt, I wonder what you're gazing at*"



Judith Lowry Lillian Ross

Jane tells Mrs. Baxter how tired Mr. Parcher is of his daughter's visitor, Lola Pratt, and of her court of love-sick boys, especially Willie Baxter



Agnes Horton Gregory Kelly

Willie, much to his despair, is urged to dance and have a good time with Ethel Boke, the fat girl, who has but few dances taken



Gregory Kelly Judith Lowry

Lola has departed. Willie had no chance to talk to her or give her the box of candy he brought. His mother understands.



Gregory Kelly

At her farewell party Lola has every dance taken and at a distance love-sick Willie watches her mournfully

HOW MANY?

Pity the poor ticket seller! His everyday experiences at the box office would try the patience of Job

By LEWIS ALLEN



HOW many?"

The lady who is digging into the mysterious depths of her beaded handbag pauses and looks blankly at the Box Office Man. "Wh—er—what?" she asks.

"How many?" repeats the B. O. M.

"How many what?" curiously queries the Lady.

"How many tickets?"

"Oh! Why, the very idea! *Two*, of course!"

And the Lady turns to her friend and says, "What stupid questions they ask."

"Always!" declares the friend, patting her hair into place with the aid of the foyer mirror.

"When?"

"What's that?"

"What performance?"

"The one that's playing here right now—" The Lady has become so indignant that she pauses to catch her breath.

"What performance, please, to-night, to-morrow night or—"

"Oh! Why didn't you say so? To-night—to-night will be all right, won't it, Madge?"

The Lady turns to her friend who is still looking into the mirror and fooling with her coiffure. The B. O. M. thrusts the tickets into the narrow envelope, ends out to show the date, and holds them for the money.

"Er—what did you say?" inquires Madge.

"To-night will be all right for the show, won't it?"

"Yes, to-night—no, wait, we can't go to-night, the McCallers are coming up. Don't you remember we planned—?"

"Oh, I nearly forgot. (*Giggle*). Wouldn't it have been a scream if we'd gone and not been at home and they came all the way in from Montclair?"



THE Lady fishes out some bills, turns to the B. O. M. and says, "To-morrow night, please—"

"Make it Friday night, dear," says Madge, "because my maid is out to-morrow night and it's such a rush to dress after dinner and—"

"Friday night, please," says the Lady.

The B. O. M. has just changed the tickets from "to-night" to "to-morrow night." Now he changes them to Friday night, gets the money and hands her the tickets.

Quite a line has formed. The next one steps in place before the little window.

"Front row in balcony, please?" says the newcomer.

"When?" asks the B. O. M.

"Right now—"

"To-night or what date, please?" demands the B. O. M.

"Oh, why didn't you say so—?"

It's a great life, being a Box Office Man, if you don't weaken.

They seldom weaken, but they harden themselves to refrain from biting out the steel grating and leaping through, and this cold reserve gives them the reputation of being grouches.

They are—most of them.

And when they read this they'll chuckle—outside the box office, smiling in the box office is

not permissible—and discuss it one with the other and remark, "That writer chap sure knows what we are up against. People don't realize how foolish they act when getting tickets."

But how about the other side of it?

Mr. Blank goes to the window. The B. O. M. is talking with some Lady who is not buying tickets. They are not discussing tickets or the show or anything pertaining to the theatre. Mr. Blank, stands there patiently, he coughs respectfully, he edges a little closer and lays some money on the tiny shelf. The B. O. M. gives him a hard look and turns to his friend.

"All right, tell them I'll be up Sunday night," he says and as the Lady promises to do so and turns to go, the B. O. M. turns to Mr. Blank, then the Lady turns back and says, "Oh, bring Joe along."



IT'S all off for Mr. Blank for three more minutes. This is during a quiet period when no more than two or three are after tickets. But finally the Lady goes and the B. O. M. turns, not to Mr. Blank, but through the narrow door into the next room, and talks with some unseen person a moment. Finally he comes back.

"Two two-dollar seats about center of the orchestra for to-night," says Mr. Blank.

"How many?" queries the B. O. M.

"Two," says Mr. Blank.

"For to-night?" queries the B. O. M.

"Two for to-night, two-dollar seats, about center of orchestra," repeats Mr. Blank.

The B. O. M. slips them in envelope, takes money and turns to the next one and says, "How many?"

That night Mr. Blank and his wife stop at the middle aisle and hand the checks to the usher who passes them on to another usher who conveys them over to the extreme left, where, by craning their necks to look around a post, they can see nearly half the stage.

"If I had known this was all you could get I would not have bothered to come," declares Mrs. Blank.

Mr. Blank says something to himself about the B. O. M. and between the acts he goes to the box office, sees the same B. O. M. and shows him the checks.



THOSE are for to-night," says the B. O. M. "I asked you for something about the center," says Mr. Blank.

"Those are just about center," the B. O. M. assures him.

"They are slap-bang up against the left wall of the house!" indignantly asserts Mr. Blank.

"I gave you seats in 'N,' and that is just about center—"

"Do you call against one side of the house the center?" demands Mr. Blank.

"'N' is fourteen rows back, or just about the center of the orchestra—"

"But center means center—the middle—do you suppose I wanted to pay four dollars to sit in a draft and duck around the post to see one-eighth of the stage, if you do—"

"I gave you what you asked for, center of the orchestra," asserts the B. O. M. with dignity, and he proceeds to look coldly and steadily through Mr. Blank, who says, heatedly:

"But I asked for center of orchestra and you gave me—"

The B. O. M. turns and steps into the next room. Mr. Blank says something that indigoes the surrounding atmosphere, gives it up, and rushes out to the corner for a temper-reducer.

It is late when he gets back to his seat.

"I told the box office man what I thought of him," he whispers to Mrs. Blank.

"Yes," she replies, sniffing, "I should judge you had quite a *spirited* conversation."

This war tax on theatre seats isn't adding to the general hilarity of Box Office Men any more than it is to theatre patrons.

Gone are the good old days when the Box Office Man would present a little plan of theatre, with the sold seats neatly checked off in blue pencil. You could glance over it, see what was available and make your choice. That is, they were the good old days for those who knew the top from the bottom of the house plans, but not for the great majority who would carefully select two nice aisle seats right up against what they believed to be the stage, only to find upon being ushered to their seats that they had selected the two seats nearest the rear exit!

But if there is anything that will curdle the already acidulated soul of a B. O. M., it is the chap who gets into a busy line, leans both elbows across the little shelf, grins inanely, and says:

"Wotcher got?"



TAKE off your hats to the B. O. M. He refrains from telling this sort of chap that he's got orchestra, box, balcony, mezzanine and gallery seats. He refrains from saying that he's got fallen arches or any other physical ailments, he overcomes the yearning to state that he's got a very tired feeling entirely due to the question.

"Where would you like to sit?"

And about seven times out of eleven, the Breezy Guy grins and replies, "I'd like to sit in a box, but I can't afford it."

Even then the B. O. M. retains his cold reserve.

But heaven help the next dozen or twenty who come along. He glares at them. He glowers at them. He speaks in abbreviated monosyllables to them, and he is not to be blamed.

It is said that outside the Box Office these chaps are very nearly human.

One of them, with a lady friend, occupied a table at a restaurant near me not long ago. In so far as I could see he was a perfectly normal human being. There was nothing about him that gave any hint that he was a B. O. M. He chatted in an interesting manner, he smiled frequently, once he laughed quite audibly. And he would have got away with it but for one thing. His lady friend asked him to pass the olives.

"When?" he queried, forgetting himself. But he quickly recovered from this *faux pas* only to make another. With the dish in one hand and olive fork in the other, he held them back and said, in a hard, cold, snappy tone:

"How many?"



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

ESTELLE WINWOOD

The girl who everybody wants to marry, but who doesn't want to marry anyone—in the conventional way. Of course, such a charming person couldn't remain a bachelor maid, so in "Why Marry?" at the Astor, she finally ties the matrimonial knot with Shelley Hull

AFTER THE FINAL CURTAIN

Where former footlight favorites have found their last resting place

By W. FORREST GILCHREST



WHERE be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

These words, which Hamlet addresses to the skull of Yorick, came to me involuntarily as I stood in beautiful Greenwood, beside the grave of my friend of many years, William J. Florence, who to his intimates was simply "Billy."

I had made a sort of pilgrimage to visit the last resting place of many of my old-time theatrical friends, and I was quite surprised to find that so many former footlight favorites were resting in this quiet retreat.

Just above the tomb of Henry Ward Beecher, a trifle higher on Ocean Hill, facing the great restless ocean, so typical of an actor's life, I found the burial plot of the Wallack family, in which are four graves. The name Wallack recalled many delightful memories of past days, when the Wallacks, father and son, were great favorites of the theatregoing public.

A rectangular monument of dark granite stands in the centre of the plot. On this is inscribed:

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK
Died December 25, 1864
Aged 69 years

The memorial also contains the name of Charles Saville Wallack, a son of the noted actor, and a brother of Lester Wallack, who died in 1851, aged 29 years; and the name of Hannah Ridley, a servant of the Wallack family, who died in 1858, aged 64 years.

IN a corner of the plot is the grave of Harry Montague, the matinee idol of his day. He was a handsome man, a good actor, and a staunch friend. He was a great favorite with the men, and the women raved over him. The memorial was erected by Lester Wallack, and is of dark granite, in the shape of a mound, on top of which is cut these words:

H. J. MANN
Died August 11, 1878
Aged 27

Montague was merely a stage name; the actor's real name was Mann.

As I stood there, in the hush and quiet of this beautiful secluded spot, my mind went back to the night on which J. W. Wallack made his last appearance on the stage. It was at the old Wallack Theatre, on Broadway, one door below Broome Street, in the Spring of 1859, on the closing night of the phenomenal run of Lester Wallack's play, "The Veteran." In the play, the elder Wallack, who enacted the Colonel of a regiment, turned, at the close, to Lester and said: "I turn over the command of the regiment to you," but this night he added: "And also the management of this theatre." Then he stepped to the footlights and made his farewell speech. There were few dry eyes either in the audience or on the stage when the veteran actor had said his farewell.

My mind reverted to other members of the old Wallack company whom I had known in my youthful days, and I went over to Sassafraz Avenue, near its junction with Mistletoe Path, where is situated the grave of the genial, whole-

souled John Brougham, over whose remains stands a handsome monument of Scotch granite. The inscription at the front reads:

JOHN BROUGHAM
Actor and Author
Died July 7, 1881
Aged 79 years

On one side of the monument is the name and date of death of Mrs. Brougham.

JOHAN BROUGHAM'S career on the American stage began in 1842, and continued almost to the close of his long and busy life. Time dealt very kindly with this stage favorite, and even at his advanced age his laugh was as hearty and infectious as when he first made his appearance here. He attempted the rôle of actor-manager several times, but luck was never kind to him. Among his ventures was the establishment of Brougham's Lyceum (later Wallack's), and the management of the old Bowery Theatre. No actor of his day had more friends than Brougham, and it was the general hope that "after Life's fitful fever he sleeps well"

Close by sleeps another comedian, who was also a member of the stock company at Wallack's, in the season of 1858-9, Charles M. Walcot. His tombstone is a simple white marble, characteristic of this actor's retiring nature, and bears this inscription:

CHARLES MELTON WALCOT
September 20, 1815
Died May 13, 1868

On top is a small marble book, on the leaf of which this sentence is engraved: "Earth makes no conquest, for now he lives in fame, though not in life."

Walcot's Bob Acres was beyond question the best representation of that character ever seen on the stage. He was the real Bob, and by the side of Walcot's rendition, the portrayal of Acres by Jefferson was only a faint shadow.

NOT far away is the tomb of that unctious comedian, William E. Burton, a granite base and pedestal. He was born in England in September, 1804, and died in New York, February 10, 1860.

Burton was not only a great comedian; he was a man of great literary ability, and a scholar of extensive and varied reading. He will always be remembered as the impersonator of Toodles, a character he made especially his own. His greatest grievance in life was that he had not entered the profession as a tragedian, for which Nature certainly never intended him, as his square and jovial face, the very acme of comicality, showed. Jovial as he appeared on the stage, Burton for years suffered from an incurable disease, yet not one among his delighted auditors, who nightly laughed so heartily over his humorous delineations, imagined that the actor was suffering excruciating torture.

A few feet from Burton's monument is that of Harry Placide, a popular comedian in the late Forties. He and his brother "Tom" were considered the ideal Dromios.

In the adjoining plot sleeps William Rufus Blake, who came to New York a handsome, dash-

ing young man, and remained in this city until his death, passing successively from light comedian to leadman, and finally to old men parts.

On Dale Avenue is the tomb of Laura Keene, who had a theatre of her own on Broadway, near Houston Street, and who was an actress of great ability. Her monument is of granite—a cross standing on a base, with only this simple sentence:

LAURA KEENE
Died November 4, 1873

Laura Keene was a handsome woman and a capital actress, but she possessed a very unruly temper, and an idea that what she did was absolutely right. She became leading lady at Wallack's old theatre, but she made matters so disagreeable to the manager and company that she was asked to retire. She built a rival theatre, which she firmly believed would put Wallack's out of business, but her dream was never realized. It was at her theatre that "Tom" Taylor's celebrated comedy, "Our American Cousin," which proved a great success, was produced in October, 1858, and this play first brought Jefferson and the elder Sothern into prominence.

ON Fir Avenue is the Florence plot. Years before his death the comedian erected a handsome monument to his mother, a large and costly structure of granite, surmounted by a cross, with the name "Florence" on the base. For years after the death of Florence the visitor to the cemetery would never have known his resting place, for his name was not on the monument, neither was there a stone to mark his grave. He left a snug fortune to his wife, which was nearly all spent by Mrs. Florence's second husband, a man many years her junior. But the actor's friends had not forgotten him, and several years ago, the well-known dramatic critic, William Winter, at his own expense, placed a tablet on a pedestal in front of the monument, with a poem from his own graceful pen. All about the grave of the comedian are growing the flowers he loved so well.

The graves of Frederick B. Conway and his talented wife, are also on Fir Avenue. I knew the Conways intimately for years, from my boyhood days, and the many visits to their pleasant home in Brooklyn will always be kindly remembered.

Conway was an actor of more than ordinary ability. His wife came from a family of actors, the Crockers. Their daughter Minnie became the wife of Levy, the cornetist, whom she soon divorced. Later, she became the wife of Osmond Tearle, an English actor, and went with him to England, where she played the higher rôles of the drama. She died several years ago. Her son, Conway Tearle, has since won great success on the American stage. Another daughter of Conway, Lillian, was a talented concert singer. She, also, is dead.

On Battle Hill is the memorial to Barney Williams, the Irish comedian. It is a costly structure, in the Gothic style of architecture, and is adorned with a marble bust of the comedian, an excellent likeness. On the base of the monument is "Bernard Flaherty," which was the actor's real name.

Over in the "Public Plot," devoted to single

Photo © Victor Georg

GERALDINE FARRAR

The operatic star who seems able to do everything. Not content with her laurels in movieland, she is again at the Metropolitan Opera House. Here she is as Madama Butterfly, one of her best characters



Maurice Goldberg

ANN ANDREWS

A classic figure in Arnold Daly's production of "Josephine" is the Prologue who pays a tribute to the immortal Napoleon



CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI

The intrepid impresario of the Chicago Opera Company, who has come out of the West at the height of the season, and at the Lexington Opera House made operagoers sit up and take notice. Hats off to Campanini for introducing first to New York the golden notes of Galli-Curci!



Ernest Hutchinson

HELEN ROBBINS

The Greenwich Village Theatre has brought forward many interesting young players. In "Karen," Miss Robbins contributes a neat bit of character drawing

graves, lies poor old Ferdinand Palmo, New York's first impresario who used his own money to back his operatic venture. He impoverished himself by his undertaking, and was for years supported by the charity of his fellow Italians. His grave is marked only by a small slab.

There are many other former favorites of the stage buried in Greenwood, some of whom were of unusual prominence in their day. It is said to note that some of them have not even a

simple headstone to mark their resting place. One of those whose grave is unmarked is Mrs. Vernon, unquestionably the best Mrs. Malaprop ever seen on the American stage. Nor is there any memorial over the grave of the superbly beautiful Mlle. Cubas, the most shapely and graceful dancer ever seen on the New York stage. For a long period she was the idol of the gilded youth of the metropolis, who flocked to the out-of-door theatre at Fourteenth Street

and Sixth Avenue to witness her dancing. Here, too, is buried the celebrated Lola Montez, an eccentric woman and a talented dancer, who claimed to be of aristocratic birth, and was very popular for a time, until it became known that she was really an Irish woman, born in Limerick, and not a daughter of Spain. Her latter days were spent in poverty. Some kind friend placed a small stone over her resting-place with simply "Eliza Gilbert" cut in the stone.

CONFESSIONS OF THE WIFE OF A MATINEE IDOL

Every privilege costs a price. To be married to a stage favorite is a privilege, but sometimes the price is hard to pay

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



THIS is the first time I was ever interviewed," she said, "and as the merit of a story lies in its honesty, and I wish to be honest, I will ask you not to give my name. It will be enough if you say that my husband's name on the billboards is a guarantee of the merits of the performance, and that he has the largest matinée houses on Broadway. To tell his name would embarrass me in what I think it imperative to say.

"I was married when I was sixteen, and my husband was twenty-one. He was a clerk in a grocery in a little Western town, earning fifteen dollars a week. He used to take part in all the amateur theatricals, and when an actor of some reputation saw him, and told him he should quit counting eggs for a living, we were both fired with ambition. He gave up his job, and we came to New York. All our relatives and friends accompanied us to the station, the conviction showing in their faces that they would be doing us a better turn if they put us in an asylum until we had recovered, if recovery were possible.

"We had a hundred dollars. But we had youth, health, love and ambition. What more may one ask of life, I wonder! I will not tell you the story of our troubles. Such a story is never interesting. We faced starvation many times while he was doing his hardest work hanging around theatre doors, and at one time I went into a restaurant as waitress to earn the money to buy him suitable clothes to appear in when he went to ask for a job. He finally got a toe-hold as scene shifter; then a minor part; now you may guess where he stands when I tell you that he is the matinée idol of the town. It is of myself as a matinée idol's wife that I wish to speak.

"You see it began with a woman's letter. The only letters we had received before were refusals to his request for an interview and the bills which were as numerous as the leaves on the sidewalk in October. It was in a large stiff envelope, square and scented. How I grew to detest envelopes of this description I can never tell so that you would really understand. The writer praised his acting, and asked for a photograph. I indignantly tore the letter up. Then there came more, and more, and more, until at last we both realized that he had 'arrived,' but, oh, with what mixed feelings! He was proud; I was angry. He was pleased with the compliments in every mail; I thought them gushing and silly, and told him so. It was while things were so strained that I met, one afternoon at a matinée, a little old lady whose husband was then on his farewell tour.

"My dear," she said, 'you look troubled.'

"Who wouldn't be troubled?" I replied crossly. 'Just look at those silly girls and women looking at my husband as if they love him well enough to eat him up? Have they no sense of decency? Don't they know that he is a married man? That he is mine, mine, Mine?'

"I think I fairly shrieked the final word for the adoring letters had been pouring in with greater frequency, and I had become tired and irritated and sick at heart. She put a warning hand on mine: 'We cannot talk here,' gently; 'Come to see me in the morning.'

"I went. It was after a stormy scene at home for there had been a heavy, square and perfumed mail. I felt that my husband no longer cared for me, or he would not have been so pleased. I believed he was falling in love with these unknown women, and, in spite of his denials, I had lashed myself into a furious rage in the charge that perhaps all were not unknown. What, I had insisted, did I know what he was doing all the time he claimed to be rehearsing?

"So you are not pleased that your husband is a success," the little old lady said when I told her my grievance. I fairly gasped. Not pleased with his success when I had made every effort and self-denial a woman may make to help him attain it! I felt insulted.

"You are offended," she resumed gently, 'but I cannot retract what I have said. The artist sells his pictures for large prices, and realizes that at last he has won fame. The poet sees publishers on their knees, and tastes success. The actor sees the house crowded for every performance but he would not know if the popularity of the show is due to the merits of the play, to the leading woman, or to himself were it not for the personal letters he receives from adoring women. They are the leaves that make up his laurel wreath. They are more than that. They are the foundation on which he builds the right to demand the fabulous income his wife enjoys with him. And you are jealous, and really petty. My dear, you would quarrel with your bread and butter.'

"I felt the hot blood rushing to my face. I knew she spoke the truth. We talked a long, long time. I will not repeat what she said. I will only say that she had traveled the same road, and so great had been her resentment that it had almost estranged her from her husband.

"I took a page from her book of experience, and the next morning when the usual heavy mail was laid on the breakfast table, I summoned up greater self-control than I had dreamed I possessed, and looked pleased. But not so quick that I had not seen the terrified

look come into my husband's face. Poor fellow, I had been a great cross to him, and when he caught my smile he looked so relieved that I could hardly refrain from crying out my real heartache on his shoulder.

"The morning before he had thrust the letters into his pocket unopened. This morning he tossed every one over to me, and when I read the first out loud he came and stood behind my chair and read all of them over my shoulder. This has been our regular programme ever since. I laugh with him, blush with him, and frown with him, reflecting every mood as faithfully as if I were his soul's mirror.

"I have never shown a tantrum since my little old friend scolded me, though I must confess that the sight of every letter gives me an alarming little pang, and when, day after day, there arrives one in the same writing begging for more than a photograph, or a lock of his hair, a secret meeting, it takes a self-control I never dreamed I possessed to say, laughingly, 'Poor thing. She doesn't realize how hopeless it is, does she, dear? But I don't blame her in the least, for I am so in love with you myself I can't understand how any woman can fail to love you.' And he looks sheepishly pleased, and all the time I am longing to hunt up the woman and tear her hair out. For, I am only a woman, and we women are terribly ferocious when we love.

"I have his complete confidence, and I have it because I have myself under perfect control. Is it worth the fight? My dear, you wouldn't ask the question if you really loved a man as I love him. I would do more, I would suffer more, but sometimes I grow so tired I wish we were back in Smith's Crossing where the only occasions when women addressed him were when the butter was stale, or the driver was not on time.

"The adoring letters a matinée idol receives must be regarded by his wife as impersonally as she would look at a list of butter and eggs she needs from the store. Her husband is a man, and men are weak. Some woman is constantly trying to turn his head, and it is her job in life to keep it straight on his shoulders and to compel him, through her confidence and love, to live such a straight life he can always look her square in the eyes. It is a sleepless job, but it is the price I pay. Everyone pays a price for every privilege, and to be the wife of a matinée idol is a privilege indeed.

"But sometimes, when I laugh over the adoring letters he receives, I think I have become so good at acting that I have made a mistake in not going on the stage."

BEAUTY IS SKIN-DEEP

By DR. BEAUPRÉ

WHEN people say that "beauty is skin-deep" they usually mean that it is a fickle and superficial thing.

These words, however, are capable of a truer and deeper meaning. It is not easy to define what beauty is, but it is safe to say that it resides chiefly in the skin.

■ ■ ■

No matter how perfect the form and contour of a face—how regular the features—its attractiveness or lack of attractiveness ultimately depends on the complexion. In this circumstance, women who aspire to beauty—and it is a legitimate aspiration of every woman—should find a lot of encouragement, for while it is impossible to change the form or features of a plain face it is within the power of every woman to control the condition of the skin, and, in this sense, beauty is possible to everyone.

■ ■ ■

Success, however, requires the adoption of proper means. The first aim must be health—not merely skin health but general health, for the skin is a very sensitive register of internal disorders. Everyone is familiar with the flushed skin associated with digestive or nervous troubles; the blotched, muddy skin indicative of constipation, and the waxy pallor of anemia. Even when health is normal, careful living will do much to promote a beautiful complexion. In particular, certain influences should be avoided, especially the eating of stimulating or spiced foods which cause a dilatation of the blood-vessels of the face and which if persisted in may result in chronic redness and roughness of the skin. Late hours and insufficiency of rest soon show their effect in haggard lines and lack of color.

■ ■ ■

On the other hand, healthful outdoor exercise such as walking or golf exerts a tonic influence on the general system and also on the skin, provided, of course, the face is suitably protected against climatic extremes. Certain individuals who are affected in an unusual way by particular articles of diet, etc., must be guided by their personal experience.

The foregoing matters are so commonplace, that it may be assumed that almost every woman is familiar with them. The direct management of the skin, however, seems to be poorly understood, and the following guiding principles will help to clear up much of confusion.

■ ■ ■

First in order and first in importance is the matter of cleanliness. Women are beginning to learn that the skin cannot be thoroughly cleansed with soap and water. A really mild neutral soap may be used occasionally for washing the face; but its frequent use not only fails even

to cleanse, but also irritates the skin and removes the natural oil, leaving the skin dry and harsh. Thorough cleansing of the skin and pores requires the use of cold cream, which cleanses without irritating or drying up the skin, and by entering and clearing the pores is the most effective means for preventing and removing "blackheads."

■ ■ ■

Of course, one must be careful to use only a cold cream that is known to be free from injurious or irritating properties and that will not grow hair. In fact this is a most



© Ira L. Hill

Lucille Cavanaugh says that the use of talcum powder is the most refreshing thing of the dancing

important precaution to observe with any toilet cream.

In cleansing the face with cold cream the cream should be rubbed in with the fingers for about ten minutes with a rotary motion and should then be wiped off with a soft, clean cloth—that completes the first step.

■ ■ ■

Next a greaseless cream should be applied—one that is absorbed and disappears. This nourishes the skin and preserves its softness and elasticity without causing any shine. It soothes the skin and protects it against climatic effects such as sunshine, wind and rain, which otherwise cause redness, dryness, roughness, and smarting irritation. A proper greaseless cream should always be used before face powder is ap-

plied, for the cream not merely serves as a base or "anchôr" for the powder, but leaves a film which prevents the powder from getting into and clogging up the pores. When powder is applied directly to the skin it is liable to cause blackheads, large visible pores and pimples.

■ ■ ■

Having thus prepared the skin, one should use a face powder, not merely for its cosmetic effect but as a further protection against weather effects and as a means of counteracting any tendency to redness or shininess. No class of product needs to be selected or used with more care than face powder—the right kind, used sparingly and with judgment, gives that soft velvety appearance to the complexion and is itself invisible.

The adhering property of a face powder and also its invisibility depend on its composition, fineness and tint, and the whole effect of the toilet may be negated if a poor quality face powder is used.

■ ■ ■

A well-groomed woman completes her toilet with a sparing amount of a choice odor. This leads up to an important matter, which many women seem to overlook. Almost every toilet preparation offered for sale is more or less perfumed and while each of the better class products has an agreeable odor by itself, these odors often do not blend, so that a very disagreeable effect is produced if several preparations with different perfumes are used. Women who recognize this prefer to use a cold cream, greaseless (combination) cream, face powder, toilet water and talc all perfumed with the same odor, and the makers of high-class toilet products have gotten up groups of preparations along these lines.

■ ■ ■

Probably the most effective use of perfume is by means of a delicately perfumed talc powder applied to the body generally—this retains the odor longer and exhales a subtle, refreshing fragrance. The foregoing hints will serve as a guide in the daily care of the skin and if carefully followed will almost certainly aid in beautifying the complexion and counteracting ordinary blemishes.

■ ■ ■

It is, of course, of the utmost importance that no toilet article be used which contains any poisonous or harmful ingredient or is capable of producing any irritating effect. Many toilet preparations contain lead, mercury and various other compounds which not merely injure the skin but are dangerous to health. These should be strictly avoided. The woman who values her complexion and her well-being will confine her purchases to products prepared by makers whose experience and standing are such as to be sufficient guarantees of purity and harmlessness.

MISS OLIVE TELL,---AN INGÉNU

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE picked out Miss Tell who has been playing at the Gaiety in "General Post" as the example *par excellence* of the ingénue type. Then I went to interview Miss Tell and came away having learned things about *le type ingénue* that I never knew or thought of before. It's most interesting!

* * *

Perhaps you are imagining, as I did before going into the subject with Miss Tell, that every young person between certain ages, say eighteen and twenty-two, is to be classed as ingénue. Not at all! It's far from being as simple as all that. Under the broad classification are any number of sub-divisions, I have learned. Not only are there the comparatively simple physical divisions of fair and dark and medium ingénues, but there are other subtle mental complications. Just as one instance, and not to go into it too deeply, there are ingénues born, and ingénues who acquire ingénu-ity—a class so small as to be almost negligible—and ingénues who have the calling thrust upon them. Ingénue-ness, that it to say, is a combinatoin of a certain physical appearance and a certain psychic quality. You might be small and blonde and defy and deny your exterior by an extreme sophistication, or by a modern independence of thought. You might be.....

* * *

But let's go back to Miss Tell. She was born ingénue by right of her physical appearance, but her mentality protests against it. If she had been "self-made," had had her own fashioning, says Miss Tell, "she would have been seven feet tall, with white camellia skin, dark reddish bronze hair, and green eyes." Instead of which, alas, she is only around five feet five, only has the loveliest of cream and roses skin, the blondest of curling hair, and the bluest of cornflower eyes,—is only, in short, one of the very, very loveliest of the young leading women on the stage. You can see what a pathetic case it is!



In spite of the fact that Miss Tell's mind protests against being classed as an ingénue type, could you have a lovelier or more "Tell-ing" exterior for it than this—a picture straight from the heart of the Eighteenth Century



An entirely new and unusual combination of materials is used in this Altman origination which Miss Tell has chosen in readiness for warm days. White organdie, which forms collars and cuffs and belt, and blue and red patterned chiffon! And just as unusual, and, extraordinarily chic, is the coloring in the hat—which it takes an ingénue to wear—of white rough straw swathed in lime green chiffon with deep plum grosgrain strings

Personally Miss Tell loves long, straight lines, the Grecian type of dress best of all, and would prefer to play intensely dramatic parts, rather stern and noble, I gathered. The only really ingénue preference she has is for pastel shades, pink and blue in combination, pink and lavender (witness her last-act frock in "General Post" in which she is now playing on tour) lavender and blue. The last her particular favorite! (The day she posed for us her maid brought into the studio to throw around Miss Tell at off moments, one of her pet garments, an exquisite cape of heavy double-faced satin, blue on one side, and lavender on the other.)

But in spite of this mental protest which Miss Tell makes I am afraid we shall still have to insist for practical purposes in presenting her to our readers as a particularly luscious version of blonde ingénue.

* * *

Luscious indeed! Take Miss Tell in the last-act dress mentioned above. It is of chiffon flowered in heliotrope and deep pink—you might almost call it an American beauty pink—over heliotrope chiffon, touched off at the neck and elsewhere with a line and a curlicue of satiny finished heliotrope and pink beads, and with a sash formed of two satin ribbons of heliotrope and pink going round the waist and hanging in long ends in black, weighted with tassels of pink and heliotrope beads. Miss Tell enters the stage by a door, upper right, and pauses a moment before advancing across it. And in that moment a wave of delight seems to go over the feminine part of the audience—or wasn't it so entirely feminine?—an intake of the breath, a sort of disembodied "Ah," at the enchanting picture the combination of frock and beauty make.

* * *

One of the reasons for Miss Tell's success in appearance is, I know, the attention she pays to details, details of the frock itself, and details of the

TYPE UNDER PROTEST

Photos especially posed for the Theatre Magazine by Ira L. Hill ©



For early Spring Miss Tell has chosen this charmingly youthful model of figured navy blue and white foulard veiled with navy blue chiffon from the Special Order Department at Altman's. And as she believes firmly in having every detail of a costume artistically right, there is a blue sash fringed and emphasized by a triple line of little red and green wooden beads, a bead bag in harmonizing blues and reds and greens, and a blue georgette hat—also from Altman's—with variegated flowers in the same colors around the crown

things, shoes, stockings, gloves, jewelry that should go with it. Whether you are an ingénue, or any other type, that must always and eternally be one of the chief reasons for any successful appearance.

* * *

"I would rather," Miss Tell said to me, "have a five-year-old dress or suit, and have clean spats and immaculate gloves and a fresh veil and the right kind of purse than the most expensive French model without those proper accessories."

* * *

Miss Tell is wearing for Spring with her street suits, you may care to know, a pair of those new high-heeled Oxford ties that are becoming so popular with the New York women, and that make for such a slender, high-arched looking foot. Miss Tell's are in bronze kid,—though you may have them in black or tan or battleship grey or fawn kid and with them she wears perfectly plain, but very sheer, bronze silk stockings knowing that they are the only kind of stocking permissible for this particular shoe.

For an early Spring street- and restaurant-frock Miss Tell has chosen from the Special Order Department at Altman's the charmingly youthful dress (shown here) navy blue and white foulard veiled with blue chiffon. An unusual combination, that, chiffon over foulard! The chiffon acting as a buffer for the foulard and the foulard brightening up the chiffon. A delightful touch on the dress was the blue chiffon sash, its deep fringe headed with a triple row of bright red and green wooden beads! The hat to go with this, also from Altman's, is of navy blue georgette with a wreath of bright variegated flowers close around the crown.

* * *

The other frock chosen from this same department at Altman's is of an indescribably lovely chiffon, white delicately scrolled over with a pattern of red and blue, and combined with white organdie. Another entirely new and unusual combination of materials! White organdie for the belt part—as on a child's frock—frilled white organdie collars and cuffs, and a little frill running down one side of the bodice. Anything more fresh and crisp and colorful for a blonde ingénue to delight the eyes of the world would be hard to find.

Besides these frocks shown Miss Tell has ordered from different models in the special Order Department an Eton jacket suit in navy serge, a silk gingham, a chiffon frock of palest lavender, and a midnight blue satin, each of which deserves detailed mention by itself.

* * *

The last the best of all the game, I thought..... almost. It is made in the simplest fashion possible, plain bodice, a skirt slightly pulled under at the hem and slightly peg-top at the hips, to give the Zouave trouser effect after the manner of the last skirts over from Paris. The waistline is rather long and around it goes a wide sash of midnight blue moiré with a big bow in the back—again as on a child's frock—and two long ends. The sleeves are plain, long and tight-fitting, with narrow turn-back cuffs of the moiré; the neck is cut square and is to be worn with a fine hand-embroidered white collar.

The pale lavender chiffon is made over a white net lining with a full, simple skirt hanging free, no peg-topping or pulled-under hem this time, and a wide front piece let in the bodice of white batiste embroidered in a white thread chain-stitch, and frilled white batiste collars and wide cuffs.

These frilled white collars and cuffs—you may see them on the flowered chiffon in the photograph—evidently appealed to Miss Tell as being "just her type" as they appear again on the silk gingham squared in cherry and white, in this instance of a heavy quality of unstarched linen, the little double frills headed by a beading.

* * *

These silk gingham are one of the new featured materials for Spring and Summer, and promise all sorts of nice behavior in the way of practicality and charm. They are first of all extremely smart looking with their small squares of cherry and white, and pale green and white, and blue and tan, cool to wear, not easily wrinkled and taking a place in the wardrobe between a foulard and a cotton gingham. Miss Tell chose one in cherry and white.

* * *

To wear with her cherry and white frock Miss Tell was talking of a large shade hat of some cream rough straw or other, with different shades of red flowers, and green leaves around the crown.



This is the luscious last-act dress that Miss Tell wears in "General Post" and that brings forth a suppressed exclamation of delight from the feminine part of the audience when Miss Tell makes her first appearance in it. Flowered chiffon in heliotrope and American beauty pink over heliotrope chiffon, with lines of pink and heliotrope "spun-candy" beads, and a ribbon sash of combined pink and heliotrope weighted down in the back with bead tassels!

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



French women believe that a dinner costume for the restaurant is quite incomplete without a hat, and Miss Marie Chambers of "Blind Youth," who has lived in Paris, is entirely of their faith. Harry Collins made the frock for Miss Chambers, the skirt of pink brocaded with silver, the waist of cloth of silver, and the two joined with a Nattier blue girdle fastened with a rhinestone buckle



Photo Fairchild



Photo White

Whenever you see Miss Kitty Gordon, whether on the Avenue in real life, or on the screen, or in a photograph as here, you can ease back and rest assured that you are being treated to a view of whatever is the top crust of the mode in line and fabric. Here it is the new wide mandarin sleeves that so many of the smartest frocks are carrying for the Spring, and the beautiful combination of plain chiffon with chiffon brocaded in velvet



"That is the Foster Friction Plug"

"It is the secret of sure-footedness in walking or dancing—it prevents slipping.

"Yes, I have Cat's Paw Heels on all of my shoes. They are so comfortable. John and the children wear them, too. It's a relief not to hear the constant clatter of hard leather heels around the house.

"Cat's Paws do not scratch the floors. They are the cleanest rubber heels because there are no holes to track mud or dirt. I've noticed that they wear so much longer than other kinds. John says it's because of the Foster Friction Plug."



The Tred-Air Heel Cushions

These cushions of air inside your shoes protect the stockings from nails, improve the fit of the shoes, prevent fatigue and add slightly to your height. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will on receipt of 35 cents. Please state size of shoe and mention dealer's name when ordering.


CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

*Black, white or tan. For men,
women and children—all dealers*

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
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Friction Plug which prevents slipping*



This is a Cat's Paw Heel that is made especially for women's shoes. Will fit all styles and sizes of feminine footwear—high boots, oxfords and pumps. So small that when attached it is almost invisible.

ANGELINA INTERVIEWS THE MODERN CINDERELLA

And Discovers Something Interesting About Kid Walking Boots

By ANNE ARCHBALD



BEHOLD Angelina on the trail again! Her maiden essay at interviewing had been so satisfactory to all hands concerned that an offer was made her to merge a chance occasion into a permanency. Angelina was enchanted to accept, making a virtue of her delight by the remark that "Every woman over twenty-three should have some serious work, especially in war time."

The assignment given her was those modern Cinderellas, the New York hostesses, Miss Grace Field of the Claridge, and Miss Alice King, with her confrère Miss Joan Sawyer, of Reisenweber's—whose affair it is to create an atmosphere and a welcome-to-our-city feeling for the large number of patrons who gather nightly at the respective castles over which they preside. But where the original Cinderella ended her perfect day, our modern Cinderellas are just beginning theirs.—one difference between the original and the up-to-date model.

* * *

Cinderella Miss Grace Field, for example, goes on duty at the Claridge at 11 P. M. and though closing hour on Broadway is one, still with that late start she finds she is never able to turn in till the early morning hours. Angelina found Miss Field breakfasting around noontime, arrayed in a charming Chinese coat of white silk embroidered with pink roses, just long enough to show the lace flounces of a dainty petticoat underneath. (Miss Field, by the way, lives in a marvelous reconstructed stable that once belonged to three millionaires, that is as capacious as a Fifth Avenue mansion, and that is a whole 'nother story in itself.)

* * *

All the things they talked of Angelina hadn't room to tell, but she felt that what Miss Field said about slipper heels should be recorded. She—Miss Field—happened to be wearing a pair of the duckiest little flat-heeled pink slippers and Angelina had asked, "You don't wear flat heels for dancing, do you, Miss Field?" and Miss Field had responded, "No, indeed." She didn't. She just pattered about the house in them. High heels for dancing, always! But she wondered if Angelina knew of the latest trick of using rubber heels on slippers, and went and fetched a high-heeled pink kid slipper for her inspection.

* * *

"I don't see any rubber heel," said Angelina. "No," answered Miss Field, "That's just the ideal! The rubber has been painted over with pink, to match the kid, and no one is the wiser. But the heels do rest your feet so, when you have to be on them for a long time as I do, and they keep you from slipping on a polished floor. I don't do any exhibition dancing at the Claridge this year ("And what a pity, too," thought Angelina. "Some dancing!") chiefly because I've lost all my partners to the war. But, of course, I dance a great deal with my different men friends.....and sometimes with others not so skilful. And I find that the rubber heels save me from many an awkward slip."

* * *

The next Cinderella that Angelina hunted out was Miss Alice King, hostess at Reisenweber's. Miss King is one of the many clever women in New York who originated in Chicago. She started "hostessing" at the Stratford, went over



Savony

GRACE FIELD

One difference between the old and the new Cinderella is that where the original model was ending her day the modern Cinderella is just beginning hers. Miss Grace Field, the Cinderella hostess of the Claridge, who knows all there is to know about the modern dances, starts her strenuous hours around 11 P. M.



ALICE KING

Miss Alice King, hostess, started her profession in Chicago and then brought on some of the Western breezes to New York to vivify Reisenweber's. The photograph doesn't reveal that Miss King's blue kid slippers, to match her blue chiffon frock, carry the latest trick for sure-foot dancing, the thinnest of rubber heels colored the exact blue of the kid

to the Sherman, and then ran down to make everybody happy at Reisenweber's. This Cinderella goes on duty at nine, and on the stroll of twelve her sister Cinderella, Miss Joan Sawyer, comes to dance.

* * *

"How do you ever manage it?" Angelina asked Miss King, staring at her in wide-eyed admiration. "I mean, playing the part of hostess. To be so young, and meet and take care of so many different kinds of people, and amalgamate them all..... It reminds me of what is said about the rôle of Juliet. You remember? That when an actress is really able to play the part, she can no longer look it. That is," added Angelina, hastily, not to be misunderstood. "It reminds me of it because it's so different."

Miss King deprecated this with a breezy laugh. It wasn't at all difficult, she insisted, being hostess at Reisenweber's. She felt at home there, and she tried to make everybody else feel the same way, and "everybody" was very nice and responded obligingly and..... That was all. It was quite simple.

"About as simple as the intricacy of a French frock," thought Angelina, but said out loud:

"I've just been hearing about rubber heels on slippers. Do you and Miss Sawyer wear them too?"

* * *

"Yes, indeed we do," answered Miss King. "That is, we've been doing so lately, and we find the greatest difference in the way we feel the next day. Miss Sawyer and I were comparing notes only last night. We wear the heels on all our slippers, pink or blue or fawn, as the case may be, and they're colored—I suppose you know—to match the kid."

"Everybody keeps saying 'kid,'" remarked Angelina. "Is that intentional, or just-happen-so?" "No, it's intentional," responded Miss King. "You see we've all been converted to kid slippers because of the comfort and satisfaction we find in our walking shoes of F. B. C. kid. I'm sure you know about it. It comes in such a variety of shades as to blend perfectly with the newest colors in afternoon wear costumes."

* * *

"And speaking of kid shoes," said Miss King. "I've been particularly 'fore-handed in anticipation of the vogue for white this summer, and I've stocked up in both high and low F. B. C. white washable glazed kid boots. They are so easily cleaned and look so well on the foot."

Angelina made a mental note then and there to restock her supply of walking boots with F. B. C. kid. After thanking Miss King and bidding her farewell, Angelina tacked across town toward Fifth Avenue and by chance arriving on the way, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, where the large new Hirsch Shoe Shop had just opened up.

* * *

"Ah," said Angelina cannily to herself, "Here's where I change to F. B. C. kid on the spot," and presently to the clerk inside: "That is, if you can fit my difficult two-and-a-half-double-A foot?"

"Difficult feet are our specialty, Madam," said the clerk. "We could fit you in anything, even if you wore a seven-and-a-half-triple-A. Women can find sizes here that they can't find any other place. What will you have? High shoes, or the new Oxford ties in glazed kid?"

"A little of each, please," said Angelina.

Footwear Fashions

Smart Women will wear at Palm Beach



WOMEN who have left in the vanguard of Society's Palm Beach Battalion have purchased either high or low all-white shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81."

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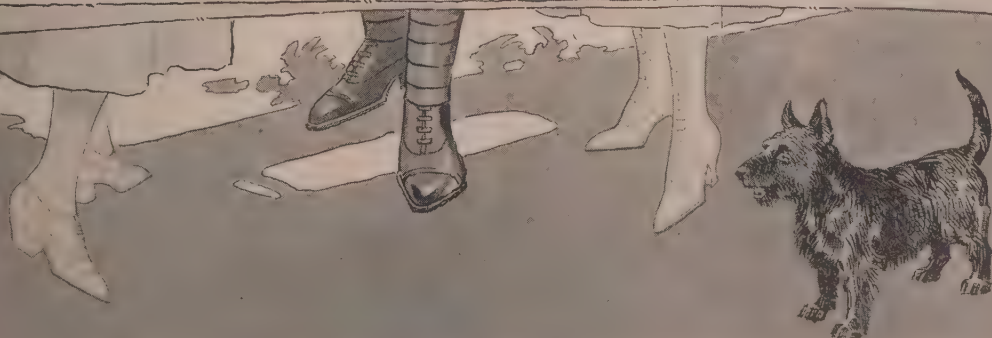
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Fashion Publicity Company
of New York



PEARLS—THE FAVORITE OF THE ACTRESS

And when we say pearls we mean both the real and the scientifically constructed variety, a construction which has been brought to such a degree of perfection that an expert must needs be called in to detect the difference between it and the oyster's creation. All women who own strings of real pearls have them copied, for safety's sake and other reasons, sometimes even wearing the two side by side. Of course, the ladies here assembled were all wearing their real strings the day these photographs were taken! Or weren't they? You guess. C'est plus fort que nous!



(Left) MABEL NORMAND

Votes-for-pearls comes from Miss Mabel Normand, the Goldwyn star—whose latest picture, "Dodging a Million," presents her in a new and more serious type of role—because she can wear them any old where. They are charming with just such a lingerie frock as she has on here, they are equally effective with a tailleur, or the most formal and elaborate of evening toilettes. They can even be worn, more power to them, with a bathing suit!



(Right) ANNE MURDOCK

Miss Anne Murdock is of the same mind as Miss Normand about pearls. She believes they are the "only old reliable" jewel. You can wear them morning, noon and night, up and down the day, and all over the place, and they are the one stone which is guaranteed to be always pretty and becoming. They never get out of sorts no matter how much your own disposition and appearance may happen to show temperamental changes



Photo De Streleski

EMMY WHELEN

Pearls are Miss Emmy Wehlen's favorite because she thinks that no other jewel lights up the skin as the pearl does. Incidentally, we are told, all kinds of pearls are affected by the skin of their individual wearer. If that is beautiful the pearl gains an added lustre. So anyone who has seen Miss Wehlen in a "close-up," a real life not a screen one, knows what a very lustrous string of pearls this must be



Photo Fairchild

CATHERINE CALVERT

Because pearls are not only all things to all women, but all things to the one woman who wears them might be a reason why Miss Catherine Calvert, the wife of the playwright, Paul Armstrong, would prefer them to other gems. On or off the stage they adapt themselves to one's every mood. They lend themselves as generously to the tender, appealing type, and to the aristocratic and regal, as they do to the barbaric and Oriental



DORIS KEANE

This picture of Doris Keane, whose Madame Cavallini in "Romance" still rides on the crest of the wave in London, shows triumphantly the decorative value of pearls, and the infinite ways in which they can be worn. Wearing an equal number of any other stone would be much too much of a muchness: it would be as the difference between appearing under the trying glare of the noonday sun and the becoming glow of the rays of the moon

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HOW THE ARTIST KEEPS FIT

From William Faversham's Point of View

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

Author of "Foods That Will Win the War."



AN author can write in bed or, if too weak to hold a pencil, dictate to a stenographer. A painter still can wield his brush when partially disabled by ill health. A musician can continue the composition of melodies though compelled to stay housed. But the man or woman who must publicly appear on the stage in order to serve his or her art is dependent for success first upon physical fitness.

In last month's instalment of this series on the place and power of food, the author endeavored to show that food is the determining factor in every form of human efficiency,—what we think and feel, as well as what we manually attempt.

To state facts, however well founded, is one thing. To prove these facts in terms of human experience is quite another thing. Hence the following article, which reveals the relation between art and appetite—the twinship of diet and personal destiny. Also the close kinship between plain food, especially green vegetables, and vigorous physicality.

For Mr. Faversham plainly indicates that potatoes, lettuce, cabbage and the like have been for him a means to health. He may or may not have sought and found a reason for this. The average person has only the haziest ideas in this connection. Yet every person who has studied foods—and every wise person should be a student of food—knows that green vegetables play a most important part in diet—not so much because of their nutritive content, which is relatively low, but because they supply the vitally necessary vitamins, the required mineral salts, and the needed amount of indigestible cellulose to furnish the bulk demanded in the intestinal processes. As a matter of fact our national tyrant, constipation, could easily be dethroned if people generally would double or treble their use of such foods.

Those who may have carelessly dismissed the vital subject of proper eating as a matter to be cared for by cranks and queer folk will have to change their point of view after reading this article, which is based upon an interview with one of the leading figures of the stage.

The first thing that caught my eye when I entered Mr. Faversham's dressing-room at the Broadhurst Theatre the other evening was a wall-card bearing this motto:

I would not have a cloud arise,
I would not have a shadow stray,
Upon the brightness of thy skies,
Across thy sunny way.

From that I turned to greet six feet of well-built, physically-fit manhood. The sort that radiates wholesome, invigorating personality. A fine sample of vim, vigor and vitality. A man whose every move and gesture indicates a backing of sane nutrition and sound thinking, plus adequate exercise.

This eminent actor, born in London, who last month celebrated his fiftieth birthday and needs little or no make-up to pass for fifteen years younger, possesses a full measure of what we call magnetism. He believes this is one of the fundamental needs in the art of acting. And more than this, he things it an attribute which is dependent not so much upon fate as upon food.

"I think the great thing is the food that people eat," he said, while making ready to impersonate Lord Algy. "It is one of the things I preach to my two boys. I don't see how anyone can work well with his stomach full of food.

"I eat only two meals a day. Two raw eggs beaten up in milk and taken on waking in the morning enables me to do away with breakfast. I have dinner at half-past three. Then I attend to my correspondence and after that go to bed. A business man gets up in the morning and goes to his work. An actor should do the same, though in his case it means getting up in the evening and going to his work.

"After the play I have my second meal. At this I seldom eat more than one or two things. I can't sit down and eat seven or eight courses. To do so would make me sick, and it almost sickens me to see people picking at a plate of nuts or some equally superfluous food all through a meal. Such indiscretion invariably leads to indigestion and it strikes me that indigestion is the chief cause of inefficiency."



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM

This, in brief, is the food-faith of a famous actor who, when he came to America thirty years ago, worked six months as a plumber's assistant because he had to make a living and could get no employment at his art.

"When I first came over I was unable to get any work in my chosen line for nearly a year. I took a job on a bridge called High Bridge and kept at it from March to September. I had nothing in the world, but happened to meet an Englishman who was foreman up there and he kindly gave me a chance to make a living."

That particular foreman also gave Mr. Faversham a chance to learn a lesson that has helped him far more than a mere living.

"Sunday was always our dissipating day. Usually we felt ill Sunday night and Monday morning—dull and sluggish. We had eaten too much.

"It was different on other days, when I used to go and sit before an open fire in the woods and eat cheese and bread and butter. The foreman's wife was an Englishwoman and she would give me what I love—bread and drippings. You don't know much about that over here, do you? When you roast your beef, the fat that falls from it is kept and spread like butter. It is one of the best things in the world. They used to give it to us at school in England. There we got butter only on Sundays. Anyway, I haven't

much use for butter. I think it carries many diseases."

The erstwhile plumber's assistant—and this stage idol is not the least averse to telling of that experience—was wiser than most of us. He learned his food lesson and used it. The average person learns the same lesson, but either forgets it or thinks he can fool nature or sidestep her inevitable laws. Yet the stomach is not to be trifled with, for the stomach is the arbiter of all personal progress.

"That experience taught me that plain living with careful selection of food gives one a passport to vitality," said Lord Algy—thanks to his make-up, the last evidences of Faversham were disappearing. "And vitality is vital. The stronger you are the better you can act, because the more vitality you have the more animal magnetism you possess.

"I think that is twenty-five per cent. of the success of any actor. Take away technique; take away personal appearance; take away the lines to be spoken, and then give twenty-five per cent. to animal magnetism.

"Hermann, the great magician, was a wonderful example of this. He had an abundance of animal magnetism. He attracted to him every person in the audience before he began his performance or uttered a word.

"And let me say just here, that while no one can underestimate the importance of food in its relation to success on the stage, there is another factor that cannot be overlooked. That is sleep. You take an actor who comes to his dressing-room, drops into his chair and says, 'Lord, I'm tired!' He is done for before he begins. Had he been in bed two hours before coming to the theatre he would be full of fire and freshness to hand across the footlights.

"No man can go to his office after being up all night and do good work. No actor can come to the theatre tired, and expect to achieve anything. The same is true of singers. Take Caruso or any of the great ones. Invariably you find they sleep much and eat little. They actually go hungry—it gives them that nice hungry feeling. Also, it makes a difference in the resonance of the voice."

This tall, agile actor who tips the beam at 172 and hasn't a burdensome ounce on his body—how does he carry out his belief in food as a fundamental? What are his favorite dishes?

"Plain meat, plain bread and butter, plain boiled potatoes. Plain boiled potatoes is my main dish. I think, though, they are much more palatable and more filling if you take them baked. Many a time in London I worked all day on a couple of potatoes."

Thus did he, in company with millions of other persons, prove by actual experience what science lately has discovered—that the humble and plentiful potato is in itself so nearly a complete food that when eaten with a small portion of butter or other fat it will provide sufficient nourishment to keep a normal man at his work without inconvenience.

But of course, Mr. Faversham has some trouble in getting his favorite diet, even in his own home. That is the common experience of most persons who, in advance of their age, have found that food is their best friend only when taken in moderation.

Centuries of stuffing have given the average person an absolutely false idea of how food should be used, (Concluded on page 182)

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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. L. M.—Q.—Will you kindly publish the dates of the issues containing pictures of, or articles about Pauline Frederick?

A.—A lengthy article, illustrated with a full page portrait, and entitled "From the Chorus to Legitimate Star," by Pauline Frederick, appeared in our June, 1913, issue (price 40c). There are excellent full page pictures in the April and August, 1914, issues (40c), and four pictures of Miss Frederick at home in the April, 1915, issue (40c). Other pictures appeared in the February, 1915, July, 1916, and September, 1917, issues. The price of the 1915 issue is 40c, and the 1916 and 1917 issues 35c each.

L. G., Newark, N. J.—Q.—Please print the original casts of "The Music Master" and "The Darling of the Gods."

A.—The cast of "The Music Master" as produced on September 26, 1904, was as follows: Anton von Barwig, David Warfield; Signor Tagliafico, W. G. Ricciardi; Louis Pinac, Louis P. Verande; August Poons, Leon Kohlmar; Henry A. Stanton, Campbell Gollan; Andrew Cruger, William Boag; Beverly Cruger, J. Carrington Yates; Mr. Schwarz, Alfred Hudson; Mr. Ryan, Tony Bevan; Al Costello, Louis Hendricks; Joley, Harold Mead; Ditson, H. G. Carlton; Danny, Richard Kessler; Collector, Downing Clarke; Mrs. Andrew Cruger, Isabel Waldron; Helen Stanton, Minnie Dupree; Miss Houston, Marie Bates; Jenny, Antoinette Walker; Charlotte, Sybil Klein; Octavia, Jan Cowl. Owing to lack of space, we shall print the cast of "The Darling of the Gods" in our next Queries Answered column.

A Subscriber.—Q.—I have been trying to procure the pictures of famous actors and actresses whom I have seen in different plays. Have you had them in the THEATRE MAGAZINE—Maude Adams as Peter Pan, Ethel Barrymore in "The Shadow," Julia Marlowe in "As You Like It," Annie Russell in "The School for Scandal," scenes in "The Blue Bird," Thomas A. Wise, Isabel Irving and Constance Collier in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader," Sarah Bernhardt in "Joan of Arc," "Antony and Cleopatra," or "Camille."

A.—We have published a number of the pictures you mention. Maude Adams' portrait in colors as Peter Pan appeared on our February, 1906, cover (price 90c); Ethel Barrymore in "The Shadow" was in March, 1915, (40c); Julia Marlowe as Rosalind in "As You Like It"—full page in August, 1911 (50c); Annie Russell in "The School for Scandal" we have never used; scenes in the motion picture version of "The Blue Bird" appeared in our February, 1918, issue, and in the play as given at the New Theatre, New York, in the November, 1910, number (50c); a scene in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" showing Thomas A. Wise as Falstaff in February, 1917 (35c). We have printed a picture of Miss Collier in "The Merry Wives" with Henrietta Crossman, but not with Miss Irving. Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader"—full page in February, 1918, (35c); Sarah Bernhardt as Camille in February, 1918, as Joan of Arc—January, 1911 (50c).

R. R. Seabright, N. J.—Q.—Kindly tell me the correct way to pronounce Edith Taliaferro's last name?

A.—Tal' e a fer' ro.

H. L. T., Chicago, Ill.—A.—See answer to E. L. M. above.

J. E. W., Quincy, Ill.—Q.—Where can I purchase comic speeches or addresses made by minstrel comedians? I would also like to secure humorous speeches made in Irish, German and negro dialect by various actors.

A.—Communicate with Samuel French & Sons, 30 West 38th St., New York City.

Dramatic Books

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY. By Joseph Francis Daly. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Life of Augustin Daly," written by Joseph Francis Daly, the brother of the most remarkable dramatist-manager that America has produced, is naturally authoritative and accurate. As a record it is complete and historically invaluable.

For a study and literary appreciation of the man the reader may well consider as supplemental what is to be found, fortunately, in the writings of William Winter. Records become dry with time, but there are many pages and passages in this book, anecdotal or intimately affectionate, that brings us close to an attractive personality.

The first chapter is a pleasing romance of Daly's immediate ancestry, of Irish parentage, in Jamaica, West Indies. Daly was born in New York on July 31, 1834. At eighteen he organized a company for a performance given in Brooklyn. It was an eventful evening. He soon won his way in New York as a newspaper writer and dramatic critic. He won his way consistently by his ability. He began writing plays. His capacity for this was marked, the record not at all inconsiderable.

This literary faculty was an asset throughout his career. It distinguishes him among American managers. He adapted much from the French. He conducted a tour in the stormiest period of the Civil War, and wrote interesting letters to his brother from the South. He dramatized "Griffith Gaunt" in a week. "Under the Gas Light" was his first sensational product. The scene of the man tied to the railway track was plagiarized by Boucicault, causing Daly to sue—and win. Daly, considerate and kindly as instanced in many ways recorded, was always ready to fight the wrong. A conspicuous trait was promptness and energy of action. He ventured readily. He was ever undaunted by failure, and much of it he suffered. He undertook much, and lost several fortunes. Success always swiftly followed repeated failure.

His life was almost thrilling in his adventures of fortune. It would require many pages to give a record of his productions. Perhaps no single individual has ever given his public a greater variety of entertainment. It certainly is a wide range from "Under the Gas Light" to his productions of Shakespeare's plays. He discovered gold mines by a dramatic instinct of his own. Thus he gave new life to a series of plays from the German of that period, at times making successes of foreign failures. He was artistic ever, frivolous in entertainment at times perhaps, but always artistic.

Indirectly the record made by his brother gives us a view, although imperfect, of a most remarkable mind. He was so absorbed in his artistic delights that he cultivated men but little, and was select and exclusive in mode of life. With business sense, he expended money beyond receipts on many productions. He housed art with that fine sense of luxury that he himself liked. We do not attempt to give in any detail a record of production that is measurably familiar to the reader of the day. His relations with his players are exceedingly interesting in the telling. Fortunately many letters to the manager from his associates are preserved and printed.

The book has future historical value, and to the reader of this day it has special interest. It is noteworthy in being interesting in addition to being valuable.

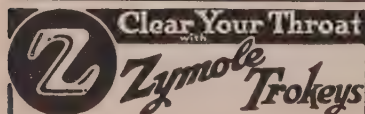


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HOW THE ARTIST KEEPS FIT

(Continued from page 178)

and what foods should be combined. It was one thing for the folk of three or four hundred years ago, who lived strenuously out of doors and never dreamed of such a thing as steam heat, to fill up on hearty food. They had plenty of chance to work off the excess, and their crude surroundings minimized that excess. To-day, however, with every surrounding tempered to physical comfort and ease, many of us still persist in clinging to eating customs which really are as much out of keeping with our times as hour glasses or hose and doublets.

"My family laugh at me. They laugh at my simple diet. Once a week I have them cook me an old-fashioned North-of-England beefsteak and kidney pudding. And I notice they all want a bit of it and pass their plates for more! There is nothing in that which cannot be digested. Another of my favorites, which seems to amuse them is plain suet pudding, which I like once a week or so. Some people put plums in it and call it plum-duff. Either way it is excellent food.

"Are you fond of vegetables?"

"Of green vegetables, yes. I cannot stand any but green vegetables. You get more of them on the other side of the water than here. I like cabbage and I think most people eat too little cabbage. I eat perhaps three cabbages a week—plain boiled with no sauce, just a dash of salt and pepper for flavor.

"I love turnip tops—you know, the green part of the turnip. People used to joke me for that. Now the German Army is practically living on them. I have always eaten them. I also eat the red beet tops, which are good for you. Down in Devonshire, England, they grow what we here call romaine, there it is called plain lettuce. What we here call lettuce they call French lettuce.

"They have this plain lettuce with their tea in the afternoon, and then for dinner if they had cabbage or some other green before. They take that long lettuce, tie it up and stick a fork through the roots, then boil it and eat it just as you would cabbage. I tell you, it is wonderful. I love all green things to eat—nature's own.

"God's own, I might say. That is what I believe in in food,—to get as nearly as possible to nature."

The transformation now is complete. What was Faversham has vanished and fronting me is the elegant English peer—who turns from his mirror to a peroration on pie, which he regards as the most pernicious of all food inventions.

"Did you ever find any place in the world where they sell more patent medicine than in New England? I never have met a class of people who suffered so much from indigestion and stomach trouble. I put it down to those awful pies they eat. Personally I would have to be starving before I would touch one. I should much prefer to get a raw carrot and wash and eat it—which I

often do. But as for those pies and rich custards—I would not risk my art by indulging in them."

"Can you feel an overfed audience?" I asked.

He loosed a gesture that said much. "Saturday nights! You are gone. They are impossible. If the theatre is warm they are half asleep. I have always noticed it, haven't you? Indeed, it is pitifully evident everywhere.

"You cannot take in things through your eyes and brain when you are stuffed, any more than you can give out through your tongue and hands under such circumstances."

Of course, this gifted actor believes in fresh air and ample exercise as necessities in the upbuilding and maintenance of physical fitness. Like many another sane man, he thinks we Americans keep our houses too warm in winter. "And as for sleeping in rooms with windows closed, I should think the people who do this would wake up in the morning with dried-up mouths and dried-up nerves. I am not a crank on open air cures the way people went in for them a few years ago. But in order to keep healthy, people must have plenty of fresh air."

As you look at this man while hearing him talk, you realize the truth of all he says. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have gladly paid to see him impersonate some character in a play. Many of these have said to themselves, or aloud, "My, how much I would give to be as fit as he looks!"

Yet the average person is content to believe that Mr. Faversham and a few others have been treated with special consideration by what they call fate. Nothing could be more false than this idea.

Mr. Faversham and a few others have learned from experience, and are wise enough to practice their knowledge, that fate in its relation to man's physical being is little more than constant and proper attention to food, fresh air and exercise.

This is a philosophy which serves men, off as well as on the stage. It is Lord Algy who is speaking, but Lord Algy is referring to his other self, the self that is William Faversham.

"I had a test a few weeks ago that I think tried me out. I was out where it was twelve below zero and no fires. We had to do some tall lifting and running around from six in the morning. I went to bed about three and got up at six. After rebuilding a furnace that had broken down, I came to my work fresh and fit. I noticed that the men with me were half dead by the middle of the day. In many instances, I have noticed that overfed is half dead."

And this as a sort of farewell contribution to a nation which is ninety per cent. overfed—and which is reluctantly deserting its wrong ideas, even in the face of a world-need that is revealing the blood kinship between diet and democracy, food and freedom.



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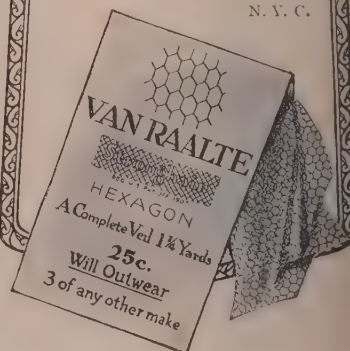


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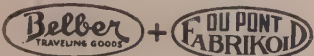
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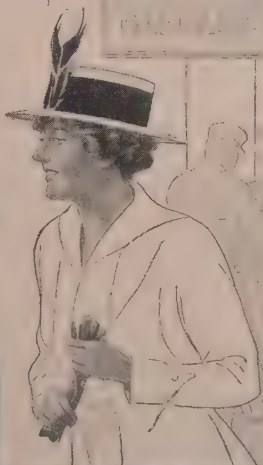
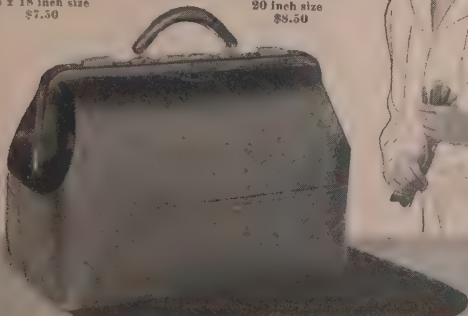


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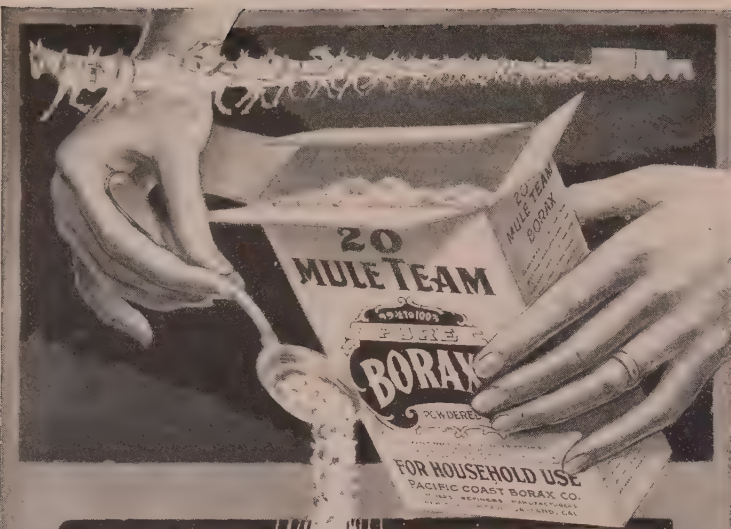
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For the
Bath

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

(Continued from page 146)

idol of the sentimentalists, and is striving hard to gain a new reputation for intellect. Zimbalist is under some baneful influence,—he is troubled.

SINGERS pour into the concert halls — Marguerite Namara in beautiful frocks and a scarcely beautiful voice, much overrated pianists beyond number, Josef Hofmann transfiguring all music, Pablo Casals still the loveliest singer in 'cello accents we know; the orchestras continue in their work of education, but why did Josef Stransky play Mana Zucca's "Dixie Transcription"? More perspiration than inspiration! This charming young lady gave her own composition recital with the help of several soloists. Her music isn't sincere, it is a stringing together of notes, sometimes pretty, a little higher in quality than Irving Berlin, but lacking his snap.

How different are the songs of Fay Foster; each is a gem in a rare setting; she seems to write for the sheer love of it and because she transcribed that which came freely to her. There is Israel Joseph, doing a yeoman work among American writers of songs and light instrumental music. When Jerusalem fell to the British, Joseph wrote the "New Jerusalem," a composition with the spirit of the Orient in every note. There is Frank La Forge, America's leading writer of songs. "To a Messenger" is full of an irrepressible humor, "Before the Crucifix" is a deeply religious plea, the piano "Romance" is a classic.

Helen Howarth Lemmel has done some children's songs worthy of uni-

versal attention. On the other hand, each song of Miss Zucca makes one feel that it was written by the force of her will to do something at any cost. That is the bane of music—glance over the history of composition and you will find that whenever an opera or a symphony or even a song has been done, because one wished to fill paper, that it never has survived its decade. Think of Hugo Wolf, the master of modern song. For years he could do nothing, tear his hair, rave in despair as he would,—he couldn't write a note. "You ask me for news of my new opera," he wrote, "I would be content if I could do the tiniest song. I could as well speak Chinese as compose anything. My cry is to gods, not to men." Then the floodgates of inspiration would be torn open, and he couldn't stop himself. Song after song would come; the poems he had been thinking about for years would come back to him with a musical setting. Then Hugo would go around cackling like a hen after laying an egg.

HEAR him then: "I am so happy, happier than the happiest of kings,—another new song. There is nothing like it in existence. If you could only hear it you would have only one desire—to die. Since Schubert and Schumann there has been nothing like it." For there you have true genius, true inspiration and with it the ingenuousness of the creator. In Hugo Wolf's songs, you are deeply moved, because you are listening to a surge of love or hate which carried the composer off his balance.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

TWO dance numbers from "The Land of Joy," the unique musical production which met with instant success in New York, are found in Columbia's list of records for March. They are "Alegrias" and "Los Crotalos," both filled with typical Spanish fire and abandon, and played with spirit by Lacalle's Spanish orchestra.

Other noteworthy records in Columbia's March offerings are the Pagliacci prologue, excellently sung by Stracciari, a fine performance of the waltz intermezzo from "Jewels of the Madonna" by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and a group of selections from Leschetizky, Chopin, Rubinstein and Poldini,

played by Godowsky.

Eddy Brown contributes two violin numbers, and there are vocal offerings by Vernon Stiles, Lucy Gates, Al Jolson, Arthur Fields, Brice and King, Greek Evans, Samuel Ash and a number of other artists. Fields' singing of "Over There" is remarkable in its fervor, and the power with which he carries the air over a stirring accompaniment of life, drum and band music.

Joseph C. Smith and his dance orchestra make their Columbia debut and there is a varied assortment of dance numbers by Handy's Jazz Orchestra, Jockers Brothers and Prince's Band.—*Adv.*

VICTOR RECORDS

HEARING the record of "Margarita" once, you need not be surprised if you find yourself unconsciously humming snatches of it for days afterward. It is one of the most charming of Meyer-Helmund's many delightful songs, and one of the new Victor records for March. De Gorgozza sings "Margarita" so spontaneously that his voice leaves a vivid impression that lasts long after the song is ended. Giuseppe De Luca offers for March a very charming Neapolitan Song. It is a lively, almost dance-like song that makes instant appeal. Being a "Pas-

torale" it possesses certain characteristics that are worth noticing. If you had all the dance orchestras in New York to choose from, wouldn't you pick the Dance Orchestra of the Waldorf-Astoria led by Joseph Knecht? Of course you would. Well, here is the Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra playing for you in your own home.

Hear the passionate violins in "Will You Remember," the waltz from "Maytime," and hear Victor Herbert's "American Serenade" from "Her Regiment" as you never heard it before.—*Adv.*

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Isn't Professor Linn Right?

An Appeal to the Readers of Theatre Magazine

Just before adjournment last September, Congress hurriedly adopted the Zone System for second class postage rates. It is a bad law, and there is still time to change it since it does not go into effect until July 1.

One of the clearest presentations of the folly of curbing our great national magazines comes from the pen of Professor J. W. Linn of the University of Chicago—a man of knowledge and vision, who sees our country as a whole, reading and thinking and feeling as one people. Read what Professor Linn says:

If the proposed Zone System of postal rates should be adopted, the result would be the extermination of a very large number of magazines, and as far as the rest are concerned, a large increase in price to the subscriber. Now, I am not speaking from the slightest financial interest in the publishing business. I have no connection with it whatever. I am a teacher of English in a university, and have been for eighteen years. What I should like to do is to point out the result to the nation if you increase the price and limit the circulation of newspapers and magazines.

Many of these newspapers and magazines have a definite, even what might be called a formal, educational influence—particularly the magazines. They are constantly used in our schools and colleges all over the country as text books—used in courses in literature, in composition, in history, in civics, in science.

Hundreds of thousands of copies weekly or monthly are so employed. They have taken a recognized place in modern education. The whole effort of that education at the present day is to vitalize the schools; to connect up boys and girls with affairs and to develop their vocational opportunities. The magazines are serving this effort splendidly.

There is hardly a big university, in the West at any rate, there are few small colleges, which do not employ them in classroom work; and the number of high schools in which they are used runs into thousands. You say such magazines will not be eliminated? They must, however, pass on the tax; they must greatly increase their rates; the expense to the students must be much greater; and so their use will be much less and their influence will be crippled.

But this formal educational work, though important, is not the most important educational service of magazines and newspapers. Their great effect is in their spread of ideas. They get people to read. Books do not serve so well. There is such a thing as intellectual inertia, and books are not so likely to overcome it. The habit of book reading is a good habit, but for millions in this country it is a habit hard to cultivate. They will not sit down to a book; they will pick up a newspaper or a magazine. Now, is such reading, call it desultory if you please, really educational? Emphatically it is.

I am not going to say more than a word about the tremendous amount of real information, real education, that the magazines and newspapers give.

Our Congress has made a hasty decision, which threatens us with the condition Lincoln so warned against: "A Nation Divided Against Itself."

It is not too late to have the condition changed. Public pressure will repeal the law. Do your share—but do it at once! Write this to your Congressman: "I consider the zone system postal law, with its increased postage on periodicals and papers, unjust and dangerous to the future welfare of our country. I, therefore, wish you, as my Representative, to do all in your power to have the law repealed."

If you don't know the name of your Congressman, secure same at Post Office.

You shut off the farm journals, as these proposed zone rates would shut them off, and you decrease the productive power of this country by many more millions.

You shut off such a journal as *The Christian Herald*, and you shut off an agency that has raised over four million dollars for charitable and religious organizations in ten years and that in so doing has enormously increased the interest of people in giving, which is one of the things that a democracy absolutely has to learn the value of.

You shut off the *Woman's Home Companion* and you shut off an agency that in the last few years has sent out elaborate, personal, expert, individual instructions to over three hundred thousand women on the care of their children—how much do you calculate that one magazine has done to improve the health of the children of this nation?

You shut off the newspapers, with their careful, scientific information about the care of the health, information that hundreds of them are dispensing daily, and you might as well go out and shoot down 10,000 doctors; you would do less actual harm.

You say these papers and magazines would not be destroyed by these proposed new laws? You know what would happen—you know that the prices to subscribers would rise, and circulation would narrow—and just who would lose out?

Why, just exactly the people who must have the reading habit if this is going to be a democratic nation—the small town people, the country people. These publications are printed in big cities; the first zone, the cheapest zone, would be in and near those cities. That means you have shut off education just where it is needed. The cities will read anyway, there are many educational opportunities in the cities; but the small towns and the rural districts depend to a large extent on newspapers and magazines.

You shut out those boys and girls, those men and women, from the reading habit. You shut them out from the freest possible circulation of ideas, just at the time when that freest possible circulation is most essential. I say as a college teacher, a man who has been in the educational profession almost a generation, that in my judgment you could hardly stab nearer the heart of the nation than by stabbing at the country circulation of newspapers and magazines; and yet that is exactly where this increase in second-class postal rates, this Zone System, is directing the knife.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
PUBLISHERS

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



M R . A R N O L D D A L Y

As Lieutenant Philip Nolan, U. S. A., in Anthony Paul Kelly's "My Own United States," produced by the Frohman Amusement Corporation of which William L. Sherrill is President. (Insert) Mr. Daly as himself

WHAT'S WRONG WITH VANDERLIP?

*In One Reel of Thoughtlessness for which
Lack of Information is the only excuse*

A DOLLAR-A-YEAR man with the private income of a millionaire recently made a penny-wise, pound-foolish speech, which might be entitled "Moving Pictures Are a Luxury."

It seems incredible that Frank A. Vanderlip, one of the world's leading bankers, should assume so illogical a position as the one attributed to him lately at Omaha, where he is reported to have advised the public to devote the money it is now paying for motion picture entertainment, to the purchase of thrift stamps.

Why kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, Mr. Vanderlip? Don't you know that the United States Government expects to clear \$200,000,000 revenue from the moving picture interests alone this year?

Don't you know that in addition to this huge sum there is a three-quarter of a cent war tax on every foot of film used in this country in the making of photoplays?

Don't you know that the United States is now making official films for Great Britain, and that three manufacturers in America have already been appointed by the Federal Government for moving picture work?

Don't you know that in the last Liberty Loan drive the Committee of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry—to co-operate with the Treasury Department—distributed 70,000 slides boosting the Liberty Loan?

To prove to you, Mr. Vanderlip, that your attitude toward the motion picture is not justified by the fact, I quote from a letter sent on January 19th last by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo to every motion picture exhibitor in the United States, showing that the Government is not in accord with the suggestions attributed to you. Mr. McAdoo's letter was as follows:

"I cannot refrain at this time from expressing my highest appreciation of the assistance that the motion picture industry has given the Treasury Department heretofore. The united front that it has presented when calls for volunteer service went forth, has been a source of great inspiration to all who are directly charged with the conduct of the war."

We agree with you, Mr. Vanderlip, that the inculcation of thrift to the end, that we may win the war is a factor strongly to be desired, but we do not agree that the establishment of this factor should be at the expense of the motion picture—the world's most necessary and popular form of entertainment. Think it over.

MIRILO.

UNWINDING THE REEL



It seems that another of those "survival of the fittest" conditions has been reached again in the film industry. At least, that's what some of the most agile hammer-heavers in the business would have the people think. As a matter of fact, the business was never healthier in its life.

So says H. M. Horkheimer, president and general manager of the Balboa Amusement Producing Company, a large independent concern, who attributes the present unrest in the film world to the fact that conditions are undergoing the usual readjustment which occurs every three years.

"The motion picture industry can never be dominated by a czar," said Mr. Horkheimer. "In this respect it differs from every other kind of business; no one man or group of men can control it, and when they try they dig their own graves."

The success of a motion picture producer, according to Mr. Horkheimer, depends entirely upon his ability to keep pace with the tastes of the public.

"It wasn't so long ago," the Balboa president declared, "when such firms as Biograph, Kalem, Edison and such stars as Maurice Costello, King Baggot, Florence Lawrence and Helen Gardner were names to conjure with. To-day you hardly hear of these people who once 'controlled' the industry.

"So it will go as long as the game lasts. Companies will come and go, stars will rise and fall, but the industry itself will continue, unaffected. Perhaps there will be a slight disturbance of business for the moment, but the inevitable readjustment will smooth out all difficulty.

"A complete change of conditions comes into the motion picture world every three years," Mr. Horkheimer stated. "This state of affairs is always brought about by the change in tastes of the public. I believe that we are just now seeing the end of one of these upheavals. Public clamor for something different from the old order of things often brings about the downfall of men who think they monopolize the busi-

ness. The changes which come in people's tastes make it utterly impossible for the producers to ram down the throats of exhibitors the kind of films the public doesn't want."

The period of readjustment which now seems to be going on in the motion picture industry promises to have an important bearing upon its future. According to Mr. Horkheimer, prospects were never brighter for the independent producer. Instead of curtailing production, the Balboa studio is increasing its output by adding several new companies. No orders have been received from the fuel administration to reduce activities, nor are any such orders expected.

* * *

William S. Hart, the noted Artcraft star, no longer has the sombrero so familiar to his admirers the country over—the hat he has worn in nearly every one of his many screen successes.

Hart, in a spirit of patriotism, has donated the hat to the American Red Cross. On the crown, in

the handwriting of the famous actor, is its history, together with Hart's autograph. It is the intention of the American Red Cross to have the hat autographed by every great leader in the world war, following which it will be sold to the highest bidder.

The signatures of President Wilson, Secretary of State Lansing, Secretary of the Army Baker, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, Food Commissioner Hoover and others instrumental in conducting America's interest in the war, will be obtained at Washington. This done, the hat will be sent to London for the signatures of King George, Lloyd-George, Asquith, Lord Northcliffe and others instrumental in carrying on Great Britain's participation in the struggle.

King Albert of Belgium and his military and diplomatic staff also will be requested for their signatures. Then the hat will go to France for the autographs of President Poincaré and his aides. On the Western battle front the auto-

(Continued on page 190)



“TARZAN OF THE APES”

A unique and fascinating photoplay from the book by Edgar Rice Burroughs, featuring Enid Markey, supported by Thomas Jefferson, and with Elmo Lincoln as Tarzan, and produced by the National Film Corp. of America—William Parsons, President



"THE ORCHID OF THE SCREEN"

Clara Kimball Young, the beautiful and fascinating motion picture Star, who has just completed what is said to be the most important screen production of the season "The House of Glass", for which she paid \$25,000 for the moving picture rights. Miss Young is here seen posing in her home

THE CAMERA MAN HAS HIS SAY



Do you ever notice how many folks there are in the world who turn cranks, besides sales wringers and owners of automobiles? Aeroplane starters, pay-as-you-enter conductors, brakemen on trains and people who believe in spiritualism, movie picture operators, roulette wheel proprietors, cream freezers and camera men making moving pictures, all of them holding the right arm in some fashion or other during many of their working hours.

And not the least of these who add to the joy of living is the camera man—that's me—us, I should say—for I got to admit there's a few of us in the business in these days of five-reel features.

You never gave us a thought before, did you? You've learned all about directors and scenario writers, motion picture hunters and leading men, stage people and stars of every magnitude, but what about the man who makes the wheels go round? Do you think all he has to do is to hold his camera at the temperamental artists in the foreground and hold them into a permanent position for posterity? Then listen to the tale of the camera man.

I learned the business from Ned Van Buren. Ned's been taking pictures ever since he was twelve years old and is calculated to know a little about the game. He's photographed everything from the sky-line of New York to a close-up of a patent glove vender for a natty little display in the *Cloak and Suit Pictorial*. He'll shut one eye and tell whether the light is right for a grafo-reflex-plex lens of .0032 diameter and reverse shutter speed or whether it is a filter to sift the shadows correctly.

It's true, he's only been in the business seven years, but as they only count five years ago, I don't see how he could have had much more experience in them and still remain chronologically correct. He began in the movies before they became entertainment when Adolph Zukor started his Famous Players studio. And he's in them yet, making moving pictures up at the Famous Players studio and turning crank with the same zip as of old. He came under Ned's tutelage about the time he began to be Pauline Frederick's camera man. In the five years he's worked for Famous Players, he has taken every Pauline Frederick picture ever put on the screen and the team work in those two is something lovely to watch. For example, Pauline'll stand up close to Klieg, knitting as per usual and giving no thought to the morrow or day or the picture. "Carmine, deep for the night light stuff, the shades off," sings out Ned Van

Buren, and Pauline jumps like a telegraph operator who has just heard his key call. That's why she always looks pretty on the screen, because she knows that Ned knows what'll bring out that beauty to the best advantage in whatever light the scene requires.

"She could turn the camera herself," Van Buren assures me. She knows all about dissolves, fade-ins, and the right sort of lens and the right sort of light. As a matter of

training that I received my first indications of the glories of the life. We were shooting a Wallace Reid Paramount picture out at Long Beach one blustery fall day. I was prop boy and camera man assistant. We had a shack for a set, but it was built without our knowledge of the tides. It took nine scenes to rescue the fair heroine and down the heavy villain. We "shot" from a float and spent three hours in the water, some of us in bathing suits.



Pauline Frederick in her Russian costume in a new Paramount photoplay showing her camera man Ned Van Buren what she knows about the "fade-in"

fact, she is a mighty good amateur photographer and, if she had the time and inclination, she could learn the movie camera man's business in one lesson. But that's just because she's naturally more intelligent than the average woman in her position. And she knows how to make up without a fault, speaking from the camera man's point of view. So many movie actresses have no idea of the amount of lip rouge to use or how the different lights will affect the make-up. But Miss Frederick rarely has to be told to change her make-up; and if she is asked to change, she does it immediately and exactly right, for she's a good photographer, and she knows the great difference there is between careful attention to detail and careless work.

It was before I got my camera

Each time we took a scene the tide carried us further out and by the tenth scene, the water was up to the bottom of the camera. The director was standing with water up to his nose. I finally got a row boat but just as I was trying to haul the camera aboard, the whole business went in the water with ten good scenes of film. It was an old-fashioned camera with a metal magazine. That's the reason not a drop of water got in and not a foot of film was spoiled. Them was the happy days!

It's funny to notice how the different directors command. When a scene is finished, for example, the ordinary term is "cut!" J. Searle Dawley, who does most of Marguerite Clark's pictures says simply "that's it" or "stop"; Maurice

Tourneur, Elsie Ferguson's Artcraft director, blows a whistle, a shrill little cop whistle; Robert Vignola, who usually directs Miss Frederick, gets excited and steps in front of the camera about the time he wants the scene to end.

Hugh Ford has a way all his own. Mr. Ford is the director general of Paramount and Artcraft pictures in the East, and once in a while directs an entire picture himself. When he wants the scene to end, he simply squeezes the camera man's right arm, and says never a word. I was standing alongside of Mr. Physioc—he's Miss Marguerite Clark's camera man and he knows so much about the business I got to call him Mr.—one day when Hugh Ford was directing. Soon I perceived him dancing wildly and felt him very evidently bruising my arm by squeezing. He never said a word and I didn't know that was his way of stopping the camera man from grinding. He thought I was Mr. Physioc.

The camera man's life is not the studio snap you might suppose. There's shooting running automobiles, for instance, sometimes in special cars with a big center post to which the camera man is strapped as he grinds on the car ahead or behind. Then, of course, there's the cowcatcher of locomotives location for the camera man and frequently all sorts of other hazardous places.

"I've been in 'em all," Ned Van Buren said, "but the one I disliked the most was eighteen stories up a sky-scraper, which was being built, lying on a thin board and shooting down to catch Marc McDermott coming up the ladder story by story."

Lights are other things that make the life of the camera man no cinch. In the movies, blue is light gray. Lemon yellow and pink are white. Red, yellow and black are all the same unless you use a filter and you can't use a filter in artificial light. Many camera men are afraid of white. But with proper lighting and a good exposure, there is little to fear. Most camera men like either an all daylight exposure or an all artificial light exposure. It's when you try to mix the two that the difficulty comes. One peculiar thing is that no matter how bright your artificial lights may be, no matter how many million candle-power you have shining on a scene, a little yellow candle flame always registers as clear as if it was the only light in the set. And nobody knows why this is so. An alcohol flame won't show at all in pictures unless you drop salt in the flame. The smoke you see in pictures comes from smoking Klieg-lights due to bad carbons and is an evidence of bad direction and a negligent camera man.

UNWINDING THE REEL

(Continued from page 186)



graphs of Generals Pershing, Haig, Byng, Joffre and others prominent in military leadership will be placed on the sombrero, following which it will be sent to Italy for the signatures of King Victor, his ministry and military commanders.

Even without the signatures of the prominent Entente leaders the hat would net a nice sum for the worthy cause, because of the historical value attached thereto, but with the added significance of the autographs there is no doubt that spirited bidding will result in a small fortune for carrying on the noble work of this organization. In fact, as an indication of the interest the American people will manifest in this unique idea, Thomas H. Ince, producer of the William S. Hart pictures, has already signed a check for one thousand dollars as a first bid for the hat.

The history of the sombrero, written on the crown by Hart, himself, is as follows:

This hat was worn by me as Cash Hawkins in the "Squaw Man," 1905-1906; "The Virginian," 1907-1908; Dan Stark in "The Barrier," 1909; Joe Brandt in "The Hold-up," 1910. In pictures: "On the Night Stage," "The Bargain," "Hell's Hinges," "The Aryan," "Between Men," "The Dawnmaker," "The Patriot," "The Tiger Man," "Wolf Lowry," "The Return of Draw Egan," "Wolves of the Rail," "The Square Deal Man," "The Narrow Trail," "The Silent Man," "The Desert Man."

(Signed) WILLIAM S. HART.

Hart wrote the following letter to officials of the American Red Cross:

"In presenting to the American Red Cross the sombrero I have worn on the speaking stage and in pictures for the last thirteen years, I am actuated by a deep appreciation of the efforts of your worthy organization to give comfort to 'Our Boys' who are fighting for the cause of Civilization and World Democracy. The popularity which I enjoy, and which, sincerely, I feel so unworthy of, attaches a particular interest to this relic of my stage and screen career, and I trust, when autographed by the Allied leaders, it will bring to the American Red Cross a sum sufficient to assist in relieving the sufferings of those who stand ready to die—that Liberty may live."

The hat, which will start on its long and historical journey within a few days, is not expected back in America for six months.

* * *

In aid of the War Insurance Campaign, the Treasury Department announces a camera drive. The film is in two reels, entitled, "His Best Gift," and was made by the photographic division of the Signal Corps, under the supervision of Captain Edwin B. Hesser, the producer. The leading masculine rôle is taken by

Lieutenant William Sherwood with Elsie Bartlett playing opposite him. Bernard Granville, also a lieutenant, plays the part of an insurance officer. A thousand soldiers have taken part in the production and a number of battle scenes have been staged. Fifty copies will be distributed among the military and naval camps, including those in France, each assigned to an insurance officer who is to see that his copy is projected at the auditoriums for the men and at the theatres near the camps.

* * *

C. Gardner Sullivan, scenario editor for Thomas H. Ince, and who has written many successes, including "Civilization," has this to say in answer to the often repeated question, "What's the matter with the outside or contributed story?"

Lack of screen study—that, I believe, is the chief reason why the outside writer fails to register a high percentage of sales to the producing companies. In the several hundred manuscripts which have come to my attention in the last two years I have been chiefly impressed by the fact that the authors did not seem to be writing for the screen, but rather along short story lines. I do not mean plot necessarily, but rather action, or lack of action.

As an example, a story depending upon brilliance of dialogue, getting over some talking theme, possible in a magazine must naturally fail on the screen. For, to properly bring out the author's idea, the picture would become more or less an illustrated lecture.

Another great trouble is lack of consistency, writers striving for a certain situation, but subsidizing the theme, which every good story must have, for a series of thrilling incidents held together by a badly woven thread of coincidence.

If the free-lance writer of today will take his stories from the everyday life about him, not trying to make them wildly sensational, but merely a story of human people doing human things, I do not think he will have any trouble in disposing of his work, granted the writer has a certain gift for depicting the phases of life in an interesting manner. He must realize that the screen, above all other fields of literary endeavor, has a technique particularly exacting, and the only way this can be learned is by practice and studying the screen itself.

By studying the screen, I do not mean copying the ideas set forth thereon, as some writers have a particular weakness for doing, but rather profiting by the finished work which, in nine cases out of ten, represents the result of hard, careful study. The idea must not necessarily be new, but its treatment should be new, and it should always seek to bring out some phase of life in which we are all interested.



William S. Hart

appears exclusively in

Artcraft Pictures

"He's a man's man, virile, vital, strong, romantic and human. Quick with his gun, steady of eye, with a heart that champions the weak and stands up for the underdog."

Wherever men—or women—whether they are sixteen or sixty or somewhere in between, are young enough to thrill under the lure of the great West as it used to be—there you will find the thousands to whom Wm. S. Hart is the incarnation of the ideal Son of Adventure.

If you've seen him in: "The Silent Man," "Narrow Trail," "Blue Blazes Rawden" and "Wolves of the Rail" you know him and *why* he is America's greatest adventurer.

This year Wm. S. Hart will appear in *eight* new Artcraft Pictures.





Jack Pickford and Louise Huff about to commit matrimony in Paramount's photoplay entitled "Bunker Bean"



Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey and "Mother" Mary Maurice in the Vitagraph picture, "Over the Top," now being filmed with Sergeant Empey in the star rôle



William Farnum and his Director, Richard Stanton going over the script of "Rough and Ready," which is being made for William Fox



"Eve's Daughter" is Billie Burke's newest Paramount picture, adapted from the stage play produced by Grace George on Broadway

UNWINDING THE REEL

(Concluded from page 190)



ested, but which, perhaps, we may not have noticed until brought to our attention by a keener student of humanity.

Summing up, I would say that the trouble with the outside writer is that he does not take the screen seriously, and in many cases, I believe, having failed in other lines of literary endeavor, he turns to the motion picture not only as a last resort, but with a feeling of contemptuous superiority; that anything will do for pictures. Until he learns that the screen demands the highest that he is able to give—and will accept nothing else, no writer will attain even the slightest success in this field of work.

* * *

Following the completion of "The Life Mask," the third production in which Madame Olga Petrova will appear as the star of her own organization, announcement was made that the directorial reins over the fourth production on Madame Petrova's special release calendar is Ralph Ince, member of the famous Ince family, and for many years a star of the production unit of the Vitagraph forces. The story which this director will stage for Madame Petrova is from the pen of George Middleton, celebrated short story writer and novelist. The working title of the latest vehicle for the Polish actress is "The Great Star," the scenario being understood to give extraordinary scope for the display of her peculiar screen talents.

* * *

Pinned beneath an automobile when it overturned on the road between Redondo and Wilmington, Kathleen Clifford, star of the Paramount serial "Who is Number One?" and other productions made by Horkheimer Brothers, and Corrine Grant, also a member of the Balboa Company, narrowly escaped being fatally burned when the car caught fire.

* * *

Work on George K. Spoor's "A Pair of Sixes" is said to be running merrily along—as merrily as a cast of comedy stars can make it. Taylor Holmes, supported by several members of the original stage company of Edward Peple's comedy, worked right up to the minute Uncle Sam would permit him before the five-day close down due to coal conditions. The company is busy on interiors at present.

* * *

Henry Kolker and Joseph Kilgour, who play Lawrence Gray and Silk Wilkins, respectively, in support of Emmy Wehlen in Metro's picturization of George Allan England's *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Good Will and Almond Shells," first played together twenty years ago, and have not been associated professionally since then until now, Metro announced this week.

The picture will be released as Metro "Emmy Wehlen All-Star Series" picture.

* * *

The next Carlyle Blackwell—Evelyn Greeley picture has been named "His Royal Highness" and will probably be released at the end of February. The story relates the adventures of an American collegian who has the throne of a European monarchy thrust upon him and is confronted with the necessity of relinquishing the hand of an attractive young heiress. Evelyn Greeley, who has been the recipient of much praise because of her work in "The Beautiful Mrs. Reynolds," makes her third appearance as co-star of Mr. Blackwell in this picture.

* * *

Work is progressing on the first picture of the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation, "A Romance of the Underworld," which is being produced at the Biograph Studios, in the Bronx, under the direction of James Kirkwood.

Catherine Calvert, the star, also appeared in the stage drama from which the screen adaptation is made. She was then the girl wife of the author, Paul Armstrong. The adaptation is the work of Mildred Conside.

In the cast are Eugene O'Brien, formerly leading man for Norma Talmadge; David Powell, who has played opposite Mary Pickford; Edna Goodrich, Ann Murdock and Olive Tell; Edwin Forsberg, now appearing as the German Spy, Paul Lamonde, in "Seven Days Leave," the Park Theatre success; Sybil Carmen, the "Moon Girl" in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolics"; Cecil Chester, Harry Lee and Marcia Harris.

* * *

Ned Finley, many years a Vitagraph star and director, has formed his own company, Ned Finley Films, Inc., and is at present screening his first story, a two-reel outdoor subject, down in North Carolina.

These stories, twenty-six a year, will be released through General Film. They are to be written by L. Case Russell, who provided Mr. Finley with much of his material in the Vitagraph days. The first, "The Return of O'Garry," is nearing completion and the next to follow are in scenario form.

* * *

Mary Pickford's company will soon go into the northern California woods to film the Bret Harte story, "M'liss," under the direction of Marshall Neilan. Several location men have already gone over nearly every mile of the "Bret Harte country," and have sent back glowing reports of the locations which were the scene of the stories of the California author. The scenario of "M'liss" has just been completed by Frances Marion.



"DAMN THE UNITED STATES!!!
I WISH I MAY NEVER HEAR
OF THE UNITED STATES AGAIN"

THE PRE-EMINENT ARTIST MR. ARNOLD DALY IN THE EPIC MOTION PICTURE - MY OWN - UNITED STATES

WRITTEN *by* ANTHONY PAUL KELLY
DIRECTED *by* JOHN W. NOBLE

PRODUCTION OF
THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP.
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The chauffeur (Pell Trenton) explaining to Margaret Care, his sweetheart (Clara Kimball Young) about the stolen necklace



Margaret Care having her finger prints taken at the Tombs after her arrest



Margaret's first realization that her lover is a thief



Margaret faints as she is arrested, as the accomplice of the chauffeur crook—her fiancé

FOUR SCENES FROM CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG'S CURRENT RELEASE
"THE HOUSE OF GLASS." PRODUCED BY HER OWN COMPANY

The Ultimate
Syllable
in
Photoplay
Art
"TARZAN
OF THE
APES"

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MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

BROADWAY. "TARZAN OF THE APES," with Enid Markey. "Tarzan of the Apes," produced by the National Film Corp. of America, from the story by Edgar Rice Burroughs, is above all else different, wherein its success should lie. We are, all of us, tired of looking at society, sex, allegorical and historical pictures, and it is a decided relief to view a picture with a unique jungle story, in which the hero is kidnapped as a child by apes and brought up by them. For "Tarzan of the Apes," as he is called, lives through this thrilling experience after his mother and father, who have been shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, and who, by the way, in England, are Lord and Lady Greystoke—have died. The throne, such as it is, having been purloined by Lord Greystoke's brother, who marries a barmaid who in turn bears a son and expects said son to be the future Lord Greystoke, not knowing of Tarzan's existence. Now that you have the plot, add some exciting jungle scenes, apes in great quantity, the appearance in jungle-land of Jane Porter in the person of Enid Markey, the subsequent falling in love of said young lady with Tarzan, the sudden and abrupt finish of the picture, and you have a close-up of "Tarzan of the Apes." The abrupt ending of the picture was probably intentional, for, perhaps, the National Film Corporation have decided a sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," entitled "The Return of Tarzan." As I said at the beginning, this picture's fascination lies in its uniqueness.

* * *

RIVOLI. "MY OWN UNITED STATES," with Arnold Daly.

"My Own United States," produced by the Frohman Amusement Corporation, directed by John W. Noble, photographed by Herbert O. Carlton, and with Arnold Daly as Lieutenant Philip Nolan, U. S. A., was shown to an especially invited audience at the Rivoli Theatre on January 17th. It is by far the best independent production the new year has brought forth. "My Own United States" is the tale of "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, scenarioized by Anthony Paul Kelly. Neither time nor money has been spared in making this production, which is immediately apparent by the remarkable attention paid to detail. Settings, costumes and the cast are all true to form. The production has been flawlessly directed, and Arnold Daly as Lieutenant Philip Nolan, U. S. A., has added distinction to a difficult rôle. "My Own United States" should be bought by this Government and shown by every exhibitor. It is the greatest propaganda for patriotism I have ever seen, and should make the initials "U. S. A." after each and every one of our signatures, our most precious inheritance.

RIVOLI. "THE UNBELIEVER," with Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee. The Thomas A. Edison Studio presents "The Unbeliever," based on the war novelette, "The Three Things," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, produced in conjunction with the U. S. Marine Corps, at the U. S. M. C. Cantonment, Quantico, Va., featuring Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee, and directed by Alan Crossland.

It has taken the Edison Company a long time to turn out a good picture, in fact the last that I can recall was "The Cossack's Whip" with Viola Dana. "The Unbeliever," however, puts the Edison Company right back on to the film map, although the credit must be divided in this case, between Alan Crossland, the director, and Miss Andrews, the author. Given good material, a good director can accomplish wonders, and "The Unbeliever" proves it conclusively. True, in this particular instance, the U. S. Marine Corps are largely responsible for the military accuracy of the picture, but even without them, the story would hold.

Raymond McKee, as Philip Landicutt—and who, by the way, is a distinct "find," is a rich youth who enlists in our army after declaring to his mother his unbelief in God, his race prejudice, and his assertion that blood, not brains, ordained class distinction. And it is only after thrilling experiences in the trenches and on the battlefield that Philip Landicutt finds himself and the fallacy of his false beliefs.

Altogether "The Unbeliever" is good entertainment.

* * *

There is no question that the motion pictures in colors that were exhibited to an amazed audience at Wurlitzer Hall a few days ago, will create a complete revolution in the moving picture industry. This new process is the discovery of Mr. Leon Forrest Douglas of San Rafael, Cal. Some attempts have been made before to produce colored motion pictures, but they were, as we understand, painted on each film as needed—now it is a direct photograph taken in colors.

The effects obtained are marvelously true to nature. The range of tint and hues is unlimited. The presence of grays and neutral tints which are always present in nature, and which soften and tone down the harsh colors, are plentiful in these pictures. Thus, in addition to showing the vivid colors, all of the delicate shades and hues of flesh tints, of clothings and draperies, of the gradually changing sky tints of sunrise and sunset are reproduced with magical subtlety.

The art of producing motion pictures of great brilliancy, showing every shade of difference of the various shades of color, by a practicable and inexpensive process, has been accomplished.



"The keys of the Righteous" with Enid Bennett, was filmed on top of the "rim of the world"



Taylor Holmes in "Uneasy Money" (Screen time 75 minutes) Essanay



Gail Kane, a favorite on the legitimate, who is becoming even more popular as a screen star



William Russell, former American Mutual star, who hopes soon to have his own company



Edna Goodrich in "Who Loved Him Best?" produced by the Mutual



June Caprice in "The Heart of Romance" as presented by William Fox. Talk of Beauty and the Beast—Who's the beauty here?



Ann Pennington as she did not look in "Miss 1917," but as she appears in "Calvary Alley," her latest Paramount production



George Walsh, Fox star and his dog "Pershing." Walsh has just completed "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal"



Lil' Mary Pickford in "Amarely of Clothesline Alley." Who could resist such an appeal



William S. Hart, Arcraft star, as he appears in "Blue Blazes Rawden"



A scene from Paramount's newest picture "Prunella," starring Margeurite Clark and directed by Maurice Tourneur. "Prunella" is the play in which Miss Clark was appearing at the Little Theatre, New York, when Adolph Zukor first saw her

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS
NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND
STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE
REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN - - - -

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